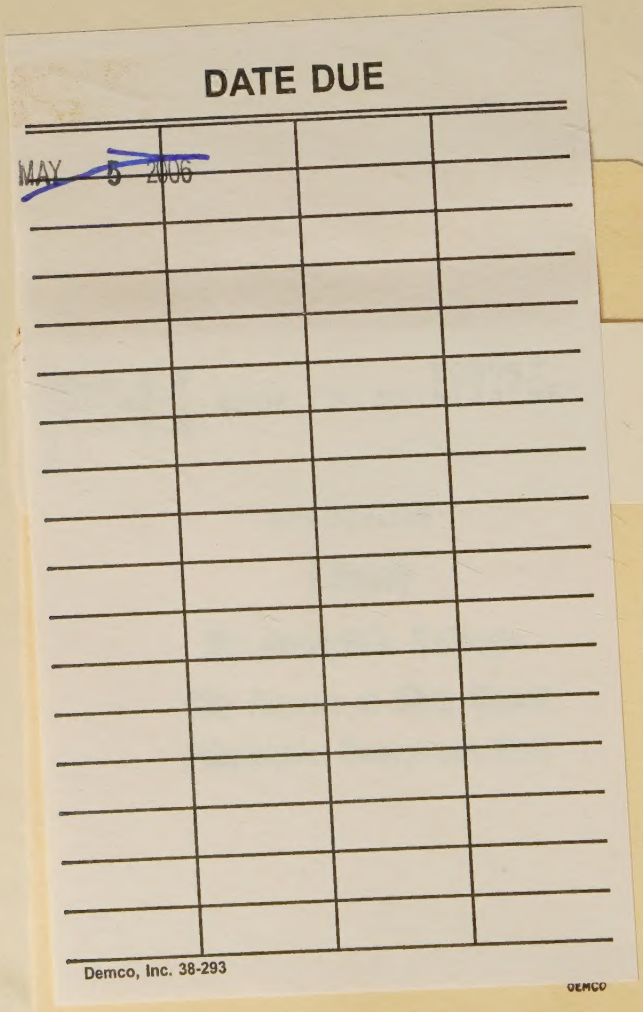
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THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ATTACHÉ

MR. MYRON T. HERRICK

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ATTACHÉ

SEVEN MONTHS IN THE WAR ZONE

D640.W7 ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY STX
The note-book of an attache;
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BY

ERIC FISHER WOOD

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND FACSIMILES OF FOUR OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

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UNIVERSITY OF PHILADELPHIA
D640 W7

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FOREWORD

When the war-storm suddenly loomed over Europe at the end of July, 1914, I was quietly studying architecture in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris. When Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia on July 24th, the atmosphere of the city became so surcharged with excitement that to persist in study was difficult. Within a week I myself had been swept into the vortex of rushing events, from which I did not emerge until seven months later.

I became Attaché at the American Embassy in Paris under the régime of Mr. Herrick, and as such lived through the first exciting months of the great war. During the months of September, October, and November, I made four different trips to the front, covering territory which extended along the battle-line from Vitry-le-François in the east to a point near Dunkirk in the west. I saw parts of the battles of the Marne and the Aisne, and the struggle for Calais.

C/566

The months of December and January I spent as a bearer of special dispatches between the American Embassies and went several times to France, England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. I have seen French, British, Belgian, and German troops in action. I have seen French, Swiss, Dutch, German, Austrian, and Hungarian troops in manœuvres. I spent the first week of February in Paris, leaving there for America on February 10th.

The following account of what I saw and heard is compiled from letters and diaries which I wrote day by day on the spot. Some of my experiences have had to be omitted for diplomatic reasons, and it has been necessary, in some cases, to give information without mentioning my authority. The higher the rank and the greater the reputation of my informant, the less right have I to mention his name.

Although my personal sympathies are with the French, I tried to observe dispassionately and accurately, and have scrupulously aimed to present my facts uncolored by preference or prejudice. In war, exaggeration and misrepresentation play an accepted part in the tactics of

belligerents, but it should be the aim of a neutral to observe with an unbiased mind, no matter what the state of his emotions may be. Otherwise, the data he collects can have no value as historical material.

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THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ATTACHÉ

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN ATTACHÉ

CHAPTER I

AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY

Paris, Tuesday, August 4th. I presented myself at the American Embassy today and offered my services to Mr. Herrick. They were promptly accepted. I was put to work with such suddenness that no time was spent in determining my official status. I cannot say whether I am a doorman or an Attaché. At present the duties of the two seem to be identical.

Now, as in 1870, the German Embassy in leaving France turned over its affairs and the interests of German subjects remaining in France to the American Ambassador. When I arrived today the *Chancellerie* presented an astounding sight. Around the outer door were huddled a

compact crowd of Germans, men and women; they pressed about the entrance; they glanced furtively over their shoulders and their blue eyes were filled with dumb apprehension. Inside the *Chancellerie* was chaos. Hundreds of Americans and Germans crowded together seeking audience and counsel. German women sank down in corners of the halls or on the stairs, weeping for joy to have found a haven of refuge. Scores of Sovereign American Citizens stood in the busiest spots and protested with American vehemence against fate and chance. Each S. A. C. was remonstrating about a separate grievance. Most of them reiterated from time to time their sovereignty, and announced to no one in particular that it was their right to see "their Ambassador" in person. They demanded information! They needed money! They wished to know what to do with letters of credit! What was "the government" going to do about sending them home? Was Paris safe? Would there be immediate attacks by Zeppelins? Could they deposit their jewels in the Embassy vaults? Were passports necessary? WHY were passports necessary? They asked the same questions over and over, and never listened to the answers.

Inspired by Mr. Herrick, the staff of the Embassy struggled bravely and coolly through this maelstrom, and accomplished as many things as possible each minute. No fifty men could have gone through with all the work that suddenly demanded attention. Without warning, virtually within one day, this great flood of humanity had rolled in upon the normally tranquil life of the Embassy, and yet its chief and his assistants took up the vast responsibility as quietly and acted as coolly as though it were all an everyday occurrence and not the emergency of a lifetime.

I was first assigned to work with the American problems. William Iselin, who had been one of my fellow-students in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, is Attaché at the Embassy and he gave me a rapid summary of necessary information. I plunged into work with eagerness, but while attending to my own countrymen, my deepest personal sympathies went out to the mob of panic-stricken Germans. Poor creatures, they are in no way personally responsible for the war, and yet they bear no mean part in the suffering it is causing. It was decreed by the French government that all Germans who had not left Paris within twenty-

four hours after the order of mobilization would on no condition be permitted to leave thereafter. Many of them had found it absolutely impossible to depart in time owing to the difficulty of obtaining money and to the disarrangement of the railway service caused by the mobilization of troops. The second day of mobilization, August 3d, caught them like rats in a trap and exposed them to the doubtful fate of being lost in an enemy's country during war time. Many of them were travelers who had been vacationing in the château country, visiting the cathedrals of Normandy, or enjoying the picturesque country of Brittany. Last week they were everywhere treated with respect and politeness, today they are looked upon with suspicion and hostility. They are hungry and they have no money. They are surrounded by looks of hatred and they are terror-stricken. No Frenchman but fears to be seen speaking to them. They have no place to sleep as no hotel or lodging-house dares harbor them. Many of them have lost all their worldly goods and possess nothing except the clothes in which they stand. Nearly all of them carried their funds in letters of credit on German banks and these are now worthless in France.

There are refined women who have slept in the streets and parks, nay, who have not been allowed to sleep, but have walked all night in their patent leather pumps. There are rich men who literally have not an available copper and whose eyes have taken on the nervous look of hunted animals. They realize that neither their sound reputation nor abundant wealth will alter their present condition by even one "petit pain de cinq centimes." One man who carried bank-books and deeds showing that he owned property to the amount of several hundred thousand francs had walked twelve miles to reach the Embassy, because he did not possess the coppers necessary to pay his carfare in a public conveyance.

Yesterday war was declared between France and Germany. One realizes how quickly it has come when in the American mail yesterday morning a copy of the *New York Times* dated only ten days ago devoted just a column and a quarter to the subject of possible friction between Austria and Serbia. When that newspaper left New York the whole world was at peace, but while it was crossing the ocean war has overwhelmed all Europe, and now when it

reaches Paris twenty million men are rushing to arms.

Today peace-loving France realizes that she is attacked by a powerful and ambitious enemy. Today no man in all *la Patrie* regrets the sacrifices which he has made to maintain an army capable of defending his country; no man but gives fervent thanks to Heaven that he has been forced to pay taxes to support that army; no man regrets those three years of his life which he and each of his fellow-countrymen offered up in order that its number might not diminish, for now that army stands READY to prevent the ruin of his property, of his nation, of his women. It is Ready! At this moment—what a wonderful word! In modern wars little is of use which has not been prepared beforehand. Weeks only are necessary to ruin untrained and ill-armed forces, while years are needed to train an army and to manufacture arms. The victories of today are not won by Bravery armed with a rifle, but by Science supplemented by many complicated instruments.

Every hour of every day presents new sights or experiences unique in kind and all speaking dramatically of war. Each such sight is a surprise

more vivid than the preceding one. Every day is a succession of startling novelties, each of which gives one a tingling shock. We are living so rapidly that some are benumbed, others intoxicated by the rush of events.

In the shops the prices of food staples have nearly doubled. The people are all anxious to lay in a little supply of provisions against sudden famine conditions, and the merchants are holding them up for all the traffic will bear. Articles that will keep indefinitely, such as flour, chocolate, dried fruits, potatoes, coffee, and preserved meats, are most in demand. Owing to the hand-to-mouth buying methods of the French, Paris is never more than three days ahead of famine. No one realizes this better than the French themselves, and therefore each and every one desires to lay in at least a small supply of provisions. A temporary shortage has consequently already occurred.

The newspapers have been emphatic in the denunciation of the merchants who, taking advantage of the national crisis, and making capital of the fear and need of the populace, have raised the prices of the necessaries of life, and have advised the people not to submit to the imposition. To-

day the poorer classes have adopted the policy of smashing anything for which an unreasonable price is demanded. I heard a big, broad "femme du peuple" ask the corner grocer the price of some prunes, several bushels of which were exhibited in front of the store. The reply indicating a rise of some fifty per cent. in the price, the woman suddenly picked up the basket in her strong arms, and before the astonished grocer could interfere, threw the whole lot into the gutter. Instantly a crowd collected which cheered the woman and jeered the grocer in so ugly a manner that he was thoroughly frightened. His confusion was made quite complete when a policeman arrived and declared that what the woman had done was well done. The results of this policy were immediately salutary and by this evening the shopkeepers of Paris are a very chastened lot, and prices are quite normal again.

The eagerness with which newspapers are bought and read is noteworthy. Each succeeding "extra" is snapped up with unfailing alacrity. The usual procedure is now reversed, for the newsboy is no longer seen racing at the beck of some haughty customer, but continues on his lordly way and

allows the would-be purchaser to rush to him, or even run down the streets after him. The great journals seem unable to turn out enough editions or to get them out fast enough to meet the demand. The authorities, however, evidently consider this continual hawking of sensational news unnecessarily disturbing to the populace, and an ordinance is to be framed forbidding the crying of newspapers in the streets.

The Tour Eiffel, that plaything of a decade ago, has in this war become of supreme importance. It is the highest "wireless mast" in the world and from it messages have been exchanged with Washington, D.C. Its value as a sending station cannot be over-estimated. Russia may become isolated; indeed she is already virtually shut off by the curtain of hostile Germany and Austria-Hungary, stretching from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Adriatic. It is probable that wireless messages sent and received by the Tour Eiffel will soon be the only means of rapid communication between France and Russia. Fears for the safety of the tower have led to the most extraordinary precautions for its protection. It is assiduously guarded against the attack of spies

by numerous sentries. Anti-aircraft guns are mounted upon its various stages to protect it against aëroplanes and Zeppelins, and heavy barbed-wire entanglements are to be built all around it.

A curfew regulation is now in force in Paris. No one is allowed in the streets after eight o'clock. Whoever is found out later than that hour is promptly conducted to his domicile by the first policeman he meets.

I received a cablegram tonight explaining that there is at the moment no means of forwarding money from New York to Paris. This makes my financial situation awkward, as I now have only three hundred francs. The worst of it is that one cannot even resort to the expedient of borrowing, because all one's friends are suffering a like stringency.

Today is, officially, the "third day of mobilization." From now on France will live not by calendar, but by mobilization, days. One speaks not of "Sunday, August 2d," but of the "first day of mobilization." Neither days of the week nor of the month exist any longer. All government decrees, railroad schedules, and military orders are

dated by the new era. Events follow a schedule which has long since been prepared. When mobilization is announced the nation turns away from its everyday life and from the world's calendar, and starts a carefully rehearsed set of operations executed according to an arbitrary schedule. One dimly remembers that if it were "peace time" today would be Tuesday.

One sees everywhere on the sidewalk little knots of people talking in low, troubled voices, and each time just as their conversation is well started they are interrupted by a policeman who reminds them that it is not permitted to *s'attrouper* in the streets and that they must move on.

Everywhere one sees speeding taxicabs, each containing a young soldier, his family, and two or three bundles. The young man usually wears a brand new uniform. The women of the family are invariably weeping quietly as if to say: "I cannot help crying, because I am a woman, but everything is all right and just as it should be!" When the father is of the party, he has a calm face and sits beside his son with his arm around the son's shoulders, and always the taxi speeds

madly, so that each time one gets only the most fleeting glimpse of the family within.

There are very few soldiers left in Paris,—not a fifth as many as usual; those that one does see are most of them driving heavily-loaded army wagons and appear most disgusted with the unheroic service. Auto-busses have completely disappeared from the streets, and this is a great inconvenience; they are all at Versailles being converted into meat wagons or ambulances. All the fast private automobiles are requisitioned for the army, and one sees them tearing along vying in speed with the flying taxis, each one driven by a sapper with another sapper in the footman's place, while one or two officers sit calmly behind, trying to smoke cigarettes in spite of the wind.

There are persistent rumors throughout Paris of battles "near Metz" or "on the borders of Luxembourg," of "two hundred and thirty thousand French troops already in Alsace," "ten thousand French killed at Belfort," or "forty thousand German prisoners taken."

The papers already announce a series of German depredations across the border into the ten kilometer strip of country between it and the French

armies. It is reported that German foragers are infesting this strip, carrying off everything of value. Yesterday morning the papers printed the first "war story," which recounts how a patrol of Uhlans penetrating some ten kilometers into French territory were halted by a French sentinel, a soldier nineteen years old. The German in command, thinking the sentinel was alone, shot him through the head and was himself in turn immediately shot dead by the boy's comrades, who had been hidden near by in an improvised guard-house. The papers also announced that the president of the League of French Patriots in Alsace had been arrested and shot. These stories and others like them, coupled with the official report of the violation of Luxembourg and of the sending of a German ultimatum to Belgium, have intensely excited the French.

Until yesterday the people of Paris have been forbearing with such German subjects as are in the city. When these stories began to circulate certain elements of the population took prompt and drastic action against the German-owned shops of the city. During the day many such shops have been wrecked. The milk trust of

Paris which sells "le Bon Lait Maggi" is popularly supposed to be owned by German capital. Its shops are in every quarter of the city, one might almost say on every street. They have today been the first objects of attack. One of these shops is in the Rue ——, not far from my apartment. I saw it wrecked this afternoon. There was no excitement, no hurry, no shouting. A crowd collected, apparently without concerted action, but as if by common impulse. There was no prearrangement or system about it and no "French" excitement. Most of the raiders were women. There was some jesting, and some dry wit, but mostly it was serious business.

The work of wrecking was carried forward painstakingly and thoroughly. The iron screen over the show-window was torn off and broken up and the window itself was smashed to bits, the door was broken open, every bit of glass or crockery was shivered to fragments against the sidewalk and the pieces were ground into powder under the heels of the raiders. Account books and bill-heads were torn sheet by sheet into the tiniest bits and strewn up and down the street for a block, and all woodwork was smashed into

2.

MOBILISATION. — (Camp retranché de Paris)

PERMIS DE SÉJOUR A UN ETRANGER

M. Wood Eric Fischer, attaché à l'ambassade des Etats-Unis à Paris

né à New York

de nationalité [illegible]

s'est présenté le [illegible]

pour faire la déclaration de son domicile et de son identité.

Il a ..... enfants de .....

Il est autorisé à conserver sa résidence à [illegible]

..... rue [illegible] n° .....

Il devra exhiber ce permis de séjour à toutes réquisitions des autorités.

Le Commissaire,

Signalement :

THE AUTHOR'S PERMIT TO REMAIN IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR, STAMPED WITH THE SEAL OF THE PREFECT OF POLICE

[His official capacity of Attaché has been added by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs which in turn affixed its signature thereto]

kindling. During the operations a patrol of policemen on bicycles went tearing by. They must have been on business of great and immediate importance since they had no time to stop nor to look either to the right or left. When the wrecking operations were quite completed another patrol came by. The sergeant in command dismounted. He wore a tremendous frown and with an authoritative sweep of his arm cried: "Qu'est ce que vous faites? Allez! Allez vous en! vous savez bien que nous sommes maintenant sous la loi militaire, et que c'est défendu de s'attrouper dans les rues! Allez! Allez!" ("What are you doing? Move along, get out of here! You know that we are now under martial law and that it is forbidden to collect in crowds in the streets. Move on, move on!").

The crowd instantly dispersed, wearing faces of great solemnity. It is evident that he could not possibly have arrested the wreckers, for he had himself seen nothing and it is not to be supposed that they would have been witnesses against one another.

By night time there were many shops, factories, and cafés of German ownership which had thus

been raided. The crowds did not always take time to make careful investigation before breaking up an establishment. I shall never forget the plight of the French proprietor of a café on the Place de l'Opéra who was standing in front of his completely wrecked shop using all the most eloquent French gestures, as he repeated over and over in helpless rage: "Sacré nom d'un nom, je suis caporal du cent-dixième de réserve et je pars au front après demain!" ("Sacred Name, I am Corporal of the 110th Reserve and I leave for the front the day after tomorrow.")

Last evening I repeatedly heard the following conversation between Frenchmen, wherever they met:

1st Frenchman: "Est-ce qu'on va boire du 'Bon Lait Maggi,' ce soir?"

2d Frenchman (with the solemnity of an owl): "Non, Monsieur!"

This formula of question and reply had travelled all over the city and was repeated time after time with always the same internal relish.

On all sides of Paris speedy aëroplanes and daring aviators hold themselves ready to dash upon any enemy who may approach by way of

the air and, if necessary, fall with him to mutual destruction. All night the beams of searchlights comb the sky for invaders and cast a tragic reflected glow upon the city beneath.

Wednesday, August 5th. Yesterday an all too enterprising individual chartered one of the fast little Seine boats, always so beplastered with "Dubonnet" advertisements, which ply along the river between the Quai du Louvre and St. Cloud. He announced that since it was now no longer possible to reach London via the train to Havre, he would transport Americans on his little boat to England, going down the Seine past Rouen and across the Channel. For such service each person was to be charged an extravagant amount, payment strictly in advance. The scheme was widely advertised to have the approval of the American Ambassador, although no one at the Embassy knew anything about the matter until Americans came to the *Chancellerie* yesterday to ask for further information. Mr. Herrick sent me out to investigate. The promoter had evidently calculated that the Ambassador would not hear about it until too late to interfere.

I found the whole proposition most impractical. The boat was far too small for so dangerous a trip, there were no accommodations for so long a voyage, and the question of food supplies was a very serious one. Moreover, numerous and incalculable difficulties were involved in passing through a country in a state of war.

Upon receiving the detailed report on the objections to the scheme, Mr. Herrick promptly sent to the Paris papers a statement that his alleged connection with or approval of the plan was a mistake. Notices to the same effect were also posted in the halls of the Embassy.

This morning the crowd of Germans who thronged to the Embassy was greatly increased, while the number of Americans was approximately the same as yesterday; consequently several of the staff were transferred from work with Americans to work with Germans, I being among them. It is strenuous business handling these panic-stricken people. Heretofore, the offices for the naval and military attachés have been located on the ground floor of the *Chancellerie*, but in the present emergency this space is converted into an impromptu German Embassy, all German affairs

being concentrated here, while the Americans are taken care of on the floor above. We are stationed two by two at desks ranged along the walls of the entrance hall and we dispose of each case as rapidly as possible as they are passed to us by the doorman.

All these Germans require four things: food, lodgings, protection, and proper police papers. We began by doling out to them from one to three francs each to be used to buy food. Our miserliness was due to the fact that, under existing economic conditions, even the Embassy could obtain only a limited amount of change, and it was essential that we make that go as far as possible. In order to obtain at one and the same time lodging and protection for our wards, Mr. Herrick arranged with the French government that the Lycée Condorcet in the Rue du Havre be set aside for the lodgment of German subjects. This building is guarded by a squad of police who allow no one to enter who is not the bearer of a certificate issued by the American Embassy. The Lycée Condorcet is a great barn of a place, from which nearly all the furniture has been removed, but it provides for the moment the two essentials, a roof and safety. No owner of an hotel or apartment will in these

dangerous days harbor Germans, in each of whom he sees a possible spy, and the government, suddenly called upon to house thousands of aliens, responds to the appeal of the American Embassy as best it can. Hundreds of Germans will tonight sleep on the bare floor of the Lycée Condorcet, and be more thankful for that safe resting-place than ever they have been for the most comfortable bed or luxurious apartment.

No attempt was today made to provide Germans with the necessary police papers. We had indeed no time to consider anything but food, shelter, and safety. Tomorrow we shall attack that problem.

By three o'clock we had so systematized the work of handling the Germans that I found I could, with the aid of two assistants, attend to all the routine cases myself. This released the men at the other tables to reinforce the American office on the floor above, whose business had during the afternoon greatly increased. There was no means or time for estimating in advance just how many people could be crowded into the Lycée Condorcet, so I continued during the afternoon to issue certificates of admission to all the Germans whom I examined. On receiving their certificates most of

them went at once to the Lycée to get off the streets. By six o'clock the place was so crowded that not another person could find room even to sit on the floor; therefore the late arrivals, after having wearily trudged two long miles from the Embassy to the Lycée, had to trudge back again from the Lycée to the Embassy. By eight o'clock there were nearly a hundred of these refugees huddled around the *Chancellerie* and it was late in the evening before I, by most desperate efforts, succeeded in making arrangements for them for the night.

The French police have promulgated a regulation that all Germans now in Paris are to be shut up in detention camps. They are ordered to report immediately to the nearest police station, where they will receive written notifications of the camps to which they have been assigned, and of the date of their departure. The detention camps are twelve in number and are located at Limoges, Gueret, Cahors, Libourne, Périgueux, Saintes, Le Blanc, La Roche-sur-Yon, Chateauroux, Saumur, Anger, and Flers. Several large trainloads will be shipped away from Paris each day for the next two weeks. Exceptions to this edict are to be made only in the case of Alsatians, and of those sick

Germans who are possessors of a certificate from some French physician stating that they are too ill to endure transportation.

The frightened Germans find it difficult to understand the numerous details involved in this order, and are hopelessly confused by the various official papers they are required to obtain to safeguard them against the accusation of being spies. The Embassy endeavors to keep itself informed as to the latest police enactments, and these are clearly and courteously explained to all the Germans who apply to the Embassy for counsel or assistance.

Sunday, August 9th. During the past few days I have been absolutely absorbed with the affairs of the Germans. I am at present in charge of them and report results to the Second Secretary. I enter the Embassy before nine in the morning and it is after midnight before I leave its doors. None of the staff, not even Mr. Herrick himself, departs before that hour. If some of the peacefully sleeping Sovereign American Citizens who are so free with their criticisms during the daytime could see the members of the Embassy in the early hours of the morning at the end of

our sixteen-hour day, they would perhaps pity themselves less. We work always at high pressure; meals are hurriedly swallowed at odd moments and at irregular hours. Each night I walk home across Paris, down the Rue Freycinet, over the Pont de l'Alma, through the Avenue Bosquet, Avenue Duquesne, Rue Oudinot to the Rue d'Olivet—and sleep. It is a long walk when one is dead tired, but there are no public conveyances at night and, indeed, few in the daytime. The walk takes nearly an hour, even at a fast gait, for at short intervals one is halted by policemen demanding explanations of this midnight journey. Few experiences have been more weird than this nightly trip through the familiar Paris streets, strangely dark and absolutely deserted.

Each day is now a haze of Germans and their troubles; of policemen, detectives, and soldiers, of tears and laughter, bits of the sublime and the ridiculous; of women who have been robbed and men who have been arrested as spies; of constant struggles to secure papers for poor hounded creatures, which one policeman demands and another refuses to grant; of beaten faces and tear-stained cheeks; of French women endlessly beg-

ging unobtainable news of sons lost in Germany, and of petty crookednesses on the part of those we are trying to help and protect.

Affairs are, however, running more smoothly. We have found means to get small change in large quantities, and I now know personally most of the police officials who are concerned in German affairs.

. . . . . .

I have heard the Marseillaise sung upon hundreds of peaceful occasions; have risen when it was played in French theaters; have enthusiastically joined in singing it at students' dinners, and have been impressed by it in an unemotional and academic way. In peace times one feels that it is easily the greatest of national anthems, but fails to realize that it is primarily a battle song. This morning for the first time I heard it sung as such, and as such shall forever remember it. I was walking down the Rue de Sèvres toward the Boulevard Montparnasse, hoping to pick up a stray taxicab which would carry me to the Embassy. Suddenly, and with startling abruptness, I was brought to a full stop by a wave of sharp, staccato vocal sound. Wave beat upon wave,—a great

volume of male voices shouting in unison. There was something so strange, so startling, and so appaling in their quality that, without comprehending what was coming, a shiver ran up my spine. The sound swelled and came nearer, and suddenly the head of a column of infantry swung into view past a street corner just ahead and the dull "smash—smash—smash" of a thousand feet falling in unison could be heard through the volume of sound. It was the Marseillaise of war! The troops were marching to the Gare Montparnasse to entrain for the front, and in a few days would be in the battle-line. Their bayonets sloped backward, a waving thicket bent toward the morning sun. There was no music in their words, which were sharp and incisive. Each word was a threat, an imprecation, intense with ferocious meaning. Their intonation carried conviction that the men meant literally every impressive line they uttered. The words visualized for me the picture in their own minds. I could sense their desire to charge the Germans, to close in, to strike, to stab. Perhaps the deliberate, vengeful premeditation to destroy is more terrible than the act itself. I doubt if any battle could

ever affect me as did the song of those men. The result was so disintegrating to one's psychology that for the rest of the day I completely lost balance of judgment. I felt exultantly certain that the French were going to smash Germany into tiny bits, and was equally sure that they could, if need be, demolish all creation.

Monday, August 10th. Today Austria and France are officially at war. The affairs of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy were turned over to us this evening. This probably means that a flood of Austrians and Hungarians will be to-morrow added to the Americans and Germans who already keep us so busy.

Today for the first time we were able to complete all the business brought to the Embassy. Previously we had to be content with accomplishing as much as could be done in a sixteen-hour day.

Wednesday, August 12th. I have witnessed so much suffering during the last week that to see people weep now no longer produces any emotional effect upon me. One's sympathies get numbed by the over-strain put upon them; the

more keenly one feels, the more numb one ultimately becomes. Today during the long day about five hundred Austrians and Hungarians poured in upon the Embassy. I examined one hundred and sixty-four cases between two o'clock and half-past four, and gave monetary assistance to one hundred and twenty-one.

Friday, August 14th. During the past week six ten-dollar gold pieces which have been sent me in letters arrived safely. Snugly held in their pasteboard frames, they could not be detected by feeling the letters. When the first one arrived I had spent virtually all the money which I had on hand at the beginning of the war, and this good American gold will tide me over until drafts can be sent through to Paris. In New York in peace time sixty dollars seems a small amount, but in France in war three hundred francs in gold looks a small fortune. At least, it insures plenty of good food.

Sunday, August 16th. Until today I have had at the Embassy no definite status. I have laughingly been dubbed the "German Ambassador."

Everyone has been much too busy to give thought to anything so personal as position or titles. This morning, however, time was found to send my name to the Minister of Foreign Affairs as "Attaché Civil à l'Ambassade Américaine," and to request the customary "coup fil."

Monday, August 17th. I have at last received money from America. It came through Morgan, Harjes & Company. This firm has been the salvation of our countrymen in Paris. They announced that "until further notice" they would cash all American paper. They even take personal checks on American banks. The "further notice," fortunately, shows no signs of appearing.

Thursday, August 20th. The statue of Strasbourg on the Place de la Concorde has been constantly hung with mourning wreaths and crêpe ever since the capture and annexation of the city of Strasbourg by the Germans forty-four years ago. Now it is piled with gay flowers and bedecked with streamers and the arms of the lady are filled with flags, conspicuous among which are those of Great Britain and Russia.

Friday, August 21st. Nearly all the Germans, Hungarians, and Austrians have by this time been interned in the detention camps; all ages and both sexes have been shipped away to a fate of which we as yet have no knowledge.

I have been arranging the details of an automobile tour of inspection to the various camps, in order to investigate the prisons and to disburse to the prisoners the funds which have been received for their benefit from their various governments. Such a trip will necessitate nearly twelve hundred miles of travel and will require at least two weeks' time.

Mr. Herrick sent for me today and questioned me as to the state of the preparations. He told me that he intended to select me to make the trip, and that I was to start as soon as the necessary permissions had been received from the French Government. Attaché Herbert Hazeltine, who has been a fellow-worker in behalf of the Germans, is to take charge of the Paris office during my absence.

Saturday, August 22d. German affairs are now reduced to a system. The Embassy each day opens to Americans at ten o'clock. I begin

with my Germans and Austrians at nine in order to get clear of the least desirable element before the Americans appear. In that first hour we dispose of about fifty per cent.; the half that need only routine assistance. At present I receive them in the entrance hall of the Embassy at the far end. I sit at the desk facing the door and have the money sent by the German Government for destitute cases on my left hand in a drawer against the wall. An Austrian, long resident in Paris, and president of the Austro-Hungarian Relief Society, is placed on my right to give me the benefit of his long experience in charity work. He already knows many of those who apply for aid and can judge whether or not they are really destitute. Beyond him is another assistant who fills out receipts for each sum distributed and obtains the signature of the recipient. Special appointments for the afternoon hours are made with those applicants who want information or help which cannot immediately be decided upon.

The crowd outside the door, often several hundred in number, is kept in order by two policemen. Assistants hand out numbers like those used for the Paris auto-busses, not given

however for priority, but for undesirability; the least desirable getting in first so that we may be the sooner rid of them. These assistants also see that each applicant has the correct papers in his hand, and that three of them are waiting in line to facilitate the steady flow of the human current. The receipts and my entries form a double record and check to be used in the official accounts which are balanced every day and in the end will be transmitted in reports to the German and Austrian Governments. A stenographer keeps an indexed, alphabetical list of all the applicants, which enables me to find the past record of any case which reappears. In addition to this, I have a system of hieroglyphics which I write in on the lower right-hand corner of the police papers which every foreigner must at all times carry with him for identification. There is also an interpreter for those rare comers who speak neither French nor English. By this system I have managed to examine as many as one hundred and thirty-five cases in an hour, and once as high a number as seven hundred in a single day.

At the beginning of the war there were probably at least thirty thousand Germans and Austrians

in or near Paris who became wards of the American Embassy when the affairs of the German and Austrian Embassies were turned over to us, all of them needing to be furnished with proper police papers and to be provided with a refuge until such time as they are shipped to detention camps in the south of France.

Sunday, August 23d. Here in Paris, extraordinary as it may seem, we have had no real news of the progress of the war. The Official Communiqués carry to a fine point the art of saying nothing of any importance. The newspapers are so strictly censored that they are permitted to publish little except these *communiqués* or editorials based upon them. Letters and papers from America really give us the first accounts of events which are happening at our very gates. We know by rumor that there has been heavy fighting somewhere and somewhen. Many German prisoners are being taken around Paris southward to the detention camps which I hope soon to visit, and the flags of three German regiments have been brought to Paris and exhibited with considerable ceremony. This should indicate that battles

favorable to the French have been fought, since a German regiment numbers three thousand men and would defend its flag to the last.

Of late one sees everywhere numbers of women in mourning, increasing so rapidly as to attract the attention of even the least observing. Paris still maintains a strange calm. The stillness of the city is positively oppressive. Even the newsboys drag slowly along calling in a disheartened voice their wares which no longer contain any news and which, in consequence, find few buyers.

The people seem to realize from the very lack of news that this is to be a long and terrible war and that any decisive result cannot be at present expected.

Letters are constantly arriving at the Embassy, forwarded to us with great care by French soldiers who have found them on the bodies of dead Germans, or received them from the hands of the dying. They are sent to us in the hope that we may eventually find means to transmit them to Germany to the relatives of the dead for whom they were intended. Today came such a note written by a German airman who had been shot down out of the

sky. He had evidently realized that his time was short and had hurriedly scribbled on the back of a sheet of instructions printed in German script the few words he could summon strength to write. The scrap of paper was torn and smudgy and a thumb-print in blood was impressed on one corner. Each word was more shaky and labored than the preceding one, as if each had been traced only by a supreme effort. On it was written in German, "Good-bye, Mother and Father. My leg is crushed. The French are very kind and . . ." A foot-note had been added by some French soldier explaining that the man had died while he was writing, and giving the means of identification which had been found on the body.

Monday, August 24th. Yesterday and this morning I have observed a very singular psychological phenomenon. Neither yesterday nor today have the authorities given out any military news of importance and the papers have been as non-committal as usual, yet all Paris believes that the Allies have suffered a great and terrible defeat at a place in Belgium called Charleroi. The whole city is as if it were under a pall. Every face wears

a fatalistic expression terrible to behold. I have read of such mysterious spreading of evil tidings, but have never before witnessed anything of the kind. It is a very curious manifestation, whether or not it proves to have any foundation in fact.[1]

. . . . . .

The French find a superstitious encouragement in an acrostic which some ingenious journalist has constructed out of the names of the Commanders-in-Chief of the French and British armies. Here it is:

JOF | FRE
FRE | NCH

. . . . . .

With Paris unlighted at night, it is an uncanny experience to walk through a great city which is absolutely dark. The Champs-Elysées is probably at present the darkest avenue on earth. All those monumental lamp-posts which used to

[1] The French and British armies suffered a crushing defeat at Charleroi on August 22d–23d. As a result they were driven back a distance of 150 miles and only succeeded in making a stand after they had reached a point southeast of Paris.

stand like beacons in the midst of the stream of traffic now shine no more. The sun seldom rises without revealing the ruins of one of these lamps and of an automobile, the two having mutually destroyed each other in the darkness. We do not know why the city is left in gloom. The common interpretation is a necessity to save gas and coal.

I do such a variety of things each day! This morning I managed to get away from the Embassy for an hour in one of the several automobiles which have been loaned to Attachés and which are driven by their American owners. During that time I arranged for the delivery of twenty thousand francs in small change which I shall take with me on my trip to the detention camps, ordered a lot of printing, and obtained fifteen hundred francs in change for tomorrow's crowd of German and Austrian indigents. I visited the editor of a newspaper and arranged for the correction of an article giving some misinformation about Embassy affairs, and then ended up by making a verbal report of the morning's work to Mr. Frazier.

Tuesday, August 25th. The Military Governor of Paris is now invested with absolute and

autocratic powers. He makes what regulations he chooses and is authorized to punish any infraction of his rule with the death penalty. He has taken advantage of his position to institute various reforms which have for years been much needed but which have hitherto been persistently blocked by "politics." He is no longer required to argue with bureaucracies or to convince legislatures. He acts without hindrance. He has thus, out of hand, settled some of the great problems with which Paris has been struggling for years. With a stroke of the pen, for instance, he has made it illegal to buy, sell, or possess absinthe. He is said to have destroyed the long menace of the Apache gangs by summarily shooting down all that could be found in Paris. He has by drastic measures suppressed gambling, and has even done away with the slot machines of chance which have so long stood in all the cafés to catch the hard-earned sous of the workmen. It is probable that these reforms will be permanent and will stand even when martial law in Paris is abolished. It is always difficult to accomplish a great reform, but it is often impossible to undo it once it is an accepted fact. If we had real prohibition in America and

Woman Suffrage, I hardly think that we should vote to have "whiskey" brought back or ever disfranchise our women.

Friday, August 28th. Public vehicles are now almost unobtainable. Taxicabs are to be secured only after much delay and at exorbitant prices. It has become more and more a waste of time for me to cross Paris on foot each morning and evening and to do much of my Embassy work at the same disadvantage. I have attempted to solve the difficulty by engaging by the week one of those archaic old horse chaises called fiacres. London has placed a hansom in the British Museum with the other obsolete and historic styles of equipages, but frugal Paris has kept her out-of-date vehicles on exhibition in active use on the boulevards. These conveyances, so recently looked down upon for their slow pace as compared with the speed of taxis, are now restored to something of their former prestige.

The fiacre I have acquired is navigated by Paul, who has been a Paris *cocher* for thirty-five years, and its one-horse power is furnished by his faithful old horse Grisette. True to type, Paul

is stout and jovial. He considers it a great honor to drive for a member of an Embassy and always sits up very straight on his box, for to come and go on missions concerning "les affaires des Etats-Unis" has imbued him with a great sense of dignity and importance. When waiting in front of the Embassy among the limousines he maintains a rigid and dignified position and insists that Grisette, for her part, shall hold up her head and stand on all four feet.

Each noon Paul drives Hazeltine and myself down the nearly deserted Champs-Elysées for lunch at the Café Royal. We must make an absurd spectacle with so much dignity on the box and a total lack of it behind, for Hazeltine and I, relaxing from the strenuous work of the morning, lounge in the seat with our feet far out in front, as we discuss with great vehemence affairs connected with our Embassy work. The pleasure and pride which Paul experiences in his present "position" he shares with Grisette, with whom and of whom he speaks as if she were human. He perorates upon her manifold good qualities, usually ending with the statement that she is "bonne comme du bon pain," while Grisette modestly pretends that she does not hear herself thus praised.

CHAPTER II

THE GERMANS NEARING PARIS

Saturday, August 29th. Paris feels the oppression of war more and more each day. There have been so many "morts pour la patrie" that everywhere there are families who have been stricken by the loss of a member. This leaven of sorrow gives to the population as a whole a somber tone.

Perfectly frightful stories of German barbarities are circulating. They are almost unbelievable, but seem to have some confirmation.

Many of the wounded Frenchmen when returning from the front bring trophies of battle, such as German swords, bayonets, and buttons. The most prized possession of all is the German spiked helmet. Barring only the scalp of the American Indian, a more significant trophy could not be imagined. It is not only significant but gorgeously handsome. Moreover, it is every-

where on earth accepted as the symbol of the Prussian militarism.

Today Mr. Herrick sent an Attaché with a fast automobile out toward Compiègne, which is thirty-eight miles from the Porte St. Denis. The man was not permitted to approach the town, but from hills on this side he could hear the constant rumble of heavy guns. He returned to Paris giving it as his opinion that a battle was being fought at Compiègne. This, however, is so improbable that he can find no one to credit his report. The idea is really too preposterous! The truth might be that manœuvres of the French army were in progress, or that the forts around Paris were practising. We have been warned that this might occur. The war was not declared four weeks ago; how then would it be possible for the Germans already to be at Compiègne? Before they could reach a point so near Paris they must first reduce the triple line of the French frontier fortifications, which are the product of more than forty years of study and labor and form a greater barrier than any ocean. Even were these reduced, the Germans would have to beat back the French active army num-

bering one and a half million men. Compiègne is no farther from Paris than Peekskill is from New York.

Sunday, August 30th. The rumors of evil which yesterday all refused to believe as absolutely incredible are today accepted as facts. No bad news has yet appeared in print, the censor having suppressed even the slightest hint of misfortune. This lack of any definite information has had a disintegrating effect upon the public morale. Since all official news is denied them, the people add to their previous personal anxiety a ghastly terror of the unknown, multiplied and intensified as it manifests itself in the masses, already in a high state of excitement.[1]

[1] I have been informed by American officials on duty in Berlin that they have never observed any misstatement of fact, or any essential omission in the *communiqués* of the German Government. This, during my brief visits within the borders of the Empire, was certainly borne out by my own experience. Defeats are announced as automatically as victories. An illustration of the advantageous effect of this procedure upon public morale and of the disadvantageous effect of the opposite occurred after the Battle of the Marne. The French, who should logically have gained the greatest encouragement, had so learned to distrust their official *communiqués*, that they gained no advantage of this kind whatsoever, while the Germans, who ought to have received no moral stimulus from so material a disaster, under-

Paris knows with a conviction that nothing can alter that the French armies have met defeat at all points along the line. They do not need dates, or names, or numbers; the one terrible fact that the Germans are again nearing the gates of Paris stands out with greater intensity because all details are withheld.

The Bank of Paris has begun to move. I felt it was an historically memorable day when I stood this morning before its great doors and watched the nervous, hurrying messengers endlessly streaming in and out as they loaded a row of trucks with France's money bags. The bearers looked for all the world like a stream of ants carrying their larvæ to safety when an ant-hill is broken open.

It is commonly reported that the French Government is planning to flee from Paris. If that actually occurs the papers will doubtless announce it as a "strategic retreat." The members of the various Embassies are becoming frightfully nervous and most of them will probably leave at the same time.

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went a fresh *accroissement* of their patriotic determination as a result of the frank announcement that the war was no longer going "according to specifications."

At the American *Chancellerie* all goes on quite as usual, partly because we are so busy that there is no time to worry, but principally because Mr. Herrick is so calm and confident that he sets all the other members a compelling example.

Early this afternoon it was reported at the Embassy that a German aëroplane had flown over Paris and had dropped several bombs, one of which had fallen near the St. Lazare Hospital. Mr. Herrick sent me out to investigate. I found that there had really been an aëroplane and that it had thrown three bombs, all of which had exploded. Many windows had been broken and one old woman had been killed. Few people, however, had actually seen the aëroplane.

The censor allowed details of the affair to be published in the evening papers, including what purported to be a translation of a note dropped by the German, saying: "The German army is at the gates of Paris. Nothing remains for you but to surrender.—Lieutenant von Heidssen." This is an example of the inexplicable working of the censorship. The people tonight all seemed to believe that the German's note is authentic.

The papers recently published an account of the

arrival at a Paris hospital of a wounded Turco who had brought as trophy a German spiked helmet. The peculiar element reported was that the head was still in the helmet. I doubt the truth of this story. It is, however, another example of the extraordinary workings of the censor's mind. He suppresses every vestige of harmless war news on the plea that it might "assist the enemy," and then permits the publication of such a hate-breeding tale as this.

Monday, August 31st. Another German aëroplane flew over the city today and again threw bombs. It arrived at six in the evening. The psychological effect on Paris has been incalculable. Yesterday's Taube went virtually unobserved; it did not seem to need explanation, and its visit could be interpreted as a freakish exploit—the solitary one of its kind. The attack of another Taube today put an entirely different face upon the matter. Nothing better could have been calculated to disquiet the French. They have always considered themselves kings of the air and have felt that, whatever else might be found wanting, at least the French aviators would always rule that element. Today

every soul in Paris saw the Taube. Until now anything about the Germans' approach has been rumor and hearsay, but now comes this plain fact for all the world to see; and what more convincing or spectacular evidence of their nearness could be set before the Parisians than a German aëroplane flying over their heads? I think it will prove the spark to light one of the historical explosions of the French people, and that this will probably show itself in extreme panic conditions.

Tuesday, September 1st. Panic conditions of the most pronounced order exist today. Everyone seems possessed with the single idea of escaping from Paris. A million people must be madly trying to leave at the present moment. There are runs on all the banks. The streets are crowded with hurrying people whose faces wear expressions of nervous fright. The railroad stations are packed with tightly jammed mobs in which people and luggage form one inextricable, suffocating, hopeless jumble.

Cabs are nearly unobtainable. When anyone is seen to alight from a vehicle, a flock of men and

women instantly gather round it like vultures and there stand poised to see if the cabby is to be paid off. If the "fare" makes a motion toward his pocket, the mob piles into the carriage, swearing and scrambling. The matter is then arbitrated by the driver who accepts as client the one who offers the largest *pourboire*. In the Rue Condorcet today I saw such a dispute settled with a twenty-franc tip. One of the defeated candidates was a poor dejected woman who had fought like a tigress for the cab and had been ejected with considerable force. She now wept copiously and hopelessly. She explained that she had her baggage and three children to take to the station and that she had been endlessly trying to get a vehicle since the night before, and announced that this was the nine hundredth vehicle "qu'on m'a volé." For one in her emergency I considered this an excusable exaggeration, so I lent her my *cocher*, Paul, and hurriedly went on foot to the Embassy. My faithful Paul does not desert me, even now when the streets run gold for *cochers*. Last evening an auto carried a family to Tours, returning this morning. For this it received 1500 francs. Thousands upon thousands of refugees from the

north are fleeing across Paris by any and every means of transportation left in the city.

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Three days ago we doubted the possibility of a battle as near as Compiègne. Today already we feel it quite possible that the Germans will capture Paris, and that within a few days. It is almost certain that our Embassy will have a tremendous part to play in the capture, for Mr. Herrick will stay in Paris, come what may, unless Washington orders him to leave. It is probable that France will turn over to him her interests in Paris—one might almost say, the city itself.

Another Taube came today and left the usual consignment of three bombs. The aviator arrived promptly at six, just as he did yesterday. I was amused to see two French policemen rush out of a café and fire their revolvers at the so-far-away speck.

Wednesday, September 2d. The German bomb-dropping aëroplane arrives each day as regularly as sunset. It is considerate of him to come always at the same hour—six o'clock. One knows when to expect him and is thus able to be promptly on

hand to watch the show. It was especially thrilling today. We all stood in the Rue Chaillot in front of the *Chancellerie*, and being on the side of the Trocadéro Hill we enjoyed a good view off over the city. The Taube passed almost directly over our heads on its way to attack the Tour Eiffel; it flew at an altitude of about 5000 feet and looked very like a bug crawling across the sky. With our glasses we could see the German aviator looking down at us, and could distinguish on the under side of each wing the black Maltese cross which all German aëroplanes carry as "uniform."

Off to the east a French machine was slowly mounting above the housetops to give battle. The German sailed over the Tour Eiffel and dropped a bomb. We caught sight of it, a tiny speck floating downwards. After waiting what seemed an unreasonably long time, we heard the faint, muffled "boom" of its explosion. All this time, guns in various parts of the city were shooting at the aëroplane; it sounded like firecrackers on the Fourth of July. There are anti-aircraft guns on the different platforms of the Tour Eiffel. These seemed to be rapid-fire guns

which spouted ten shots in about five seconds, and then, after taking a long breath, spouted another ten shots, and so on. The din was extraordinary, but the German aëroplane went serenely on as if utterly unconscious of the thousands of shots of which it was the target.

After throwing his first bomb near the Tour Eiffel, the German described a graceful, sweeping curve off over the Ecole Militaire, and threw another bomb which struck the roof of a house in the Avenue Bosquet. He then turned northward and sailed off in triumph over Montmartre, apparently unscathed. The French machine had meanwhile reached about half the altitude at which the German was flying. The whole affair was extremely dramatic. All Paris stood open-mouthed in the streets, utterly oblivious to everything but the machine which was creeping across the sky.

The French already take their daily Taube as much as a matter of course as their daily café. They cannot help exclaiming in admiration "quel aplomb!" It is now the fourth day that a German aëroplane has passed over the French armies,

eluded the French machines, and braved a murderous fire from the waiting guns of Paris.

The incidents have been marked by singularly ineffective shooting on both sides. The aëroplanes have thrown a dozen bombs; they have broken windows and roof slates and have killed one old woman. But this has been, as far as I know, the only casualty. On the other hand, the Taubes likewise have escaped unwrecked, in spite of the fact that enough ammunition has been expended against them to have smashed all the aëroplanes in the world. The psychological effect on the Parisians has been immense.

For two weeks now, I have been entirely ready to start on my first tour of the detention camps. The need has seemed so pressing that I have been prepared to start immediately on the receipt of permission from the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Herrick rightly refuses to allow me to start without this permission. The reason for the delay seems to be that France insists that she will accord us only those privileges with regard to her German prisoners that the German government gives to the Spanish Embassy in Berlin with regard to the French prisoners in Germany. The

hitch is that each takes exactly the same ground, so neither side does anything definite.

Such is European "diplomacy." The onus of the prisoners' condition cannot be said to rest upon our shoulders. Mr. Herrick or Mr. Bliss has made *démarches* in the matter almost every day.

Diplomacy is a trade which I find extremely hard to learn. Its principal rule seems to be never to do anything that you can possibly avoid. Such principles naturally give rise to a great deal of futile routine. When a diplomat must act, he methodically follows a well-trodden and known-to-be-safe path; when he is forced to take a new direction he invariably makes some superior take the responsibility. I know that on one occasion a trivial question was asked of a Jäger at the door of a European *Chancellerie;* it was passed through eight people of increasing rank and finally reached the ruler of a great nation. I wonder if the applicant was kept waiting at the door by the Jäger during the months necessary for the working out of the process.

The Government of France has announced, officially, that it will depart from Paris tonight and that Bordeaux is to be the new capital. In point

of fact, many officials have already gone, while those who still remain are to leave tonight on a series of diplomatic trains. The Embassies of England and Russia and the Legation of Belgium will go also. There is a rumor that several of the neutral ambassadors and consuls will flee, but this I cannot credit. They could have no sufficient excuse for deserting Paris so precipitately, and if they did they would appear arrant cowards. Mr. Herrick is sending Captain Pope, one of the military Attachés, and Mr. Sussdorf, the third secretary, to Bordeaux, in order that we may have some official representation with the French Government in its temporary exile, but feels that the Embassy as a whole should stay in Paris. Bordeaux is in the midst of the districts which contain the detention camps for German and Austrian prisoners, and I therefore rather expected to be sent with Captain Pope and Mr. Sussdorf when I heard at noon that they were to leave for Bordeaux. Mr. Frazier, however, told me that I was to stay in Paris, work here being so pressing that the German prisoners will have to get on without me. I hurriedly turned over to Captain Pope much data I had collected concerning the camps and a

satchel containing twenty thousand francs in small change which I had in hand for distribution among the internes.

Thursday, September 3d. Now that part of the Embassy corps has departed for Bordeaux, the following remain at the *Chancellerie* to face the exciting events of an impending German invasion. Besides Mr. Herrick and the secretaries, Messrs. Bliss and Frazier, there are Majors Cosby, Hedekind, and Henry; Captains Parker, Brinton, and Barker; Lieutenants Donait, Hunnicutt, Boyd, and Greble, all of the United States Army; Major Roosevelt of the Marine Corps; Commander Bricker and Lieutenants Smith and Wilkinson of the Navy. Herbert Hazeltine, William Iselin, and myself are civil Attachés, and Harry Dodge and Lawrence Norton private secretaries to the Ambassador. The Treasurer, Mr. Beazle, was at the Embassy as long ago as the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune, and has already lived through one siege and capture of Paris. There are, of course, innumerable stenographers, bookkeepers, and the like.

The other embassies and most of the consulates

have fled. Their members have left Paris more precipitately and with less dignity than has been shown even by the civil population. They all seemed to lose their wits when the Germans drew near Paris; they made their preparations to depart in the most frantic haste; they were white of face and perspiring with nervousness. It is not a pleasant sight to see strong men palsied with fright, but we have seen many such these days. Not a soul remains in the British Embassy or consulate to take care of England's manifold interests. It seems strange that when thousands of British heroes of the army are dying brave deaths on the fields of battle, not a single British hero was to be found in the diplomatic corps with nerve enough to risk the inconveniences of a siege. The Ambassador of another country, who fled with the crowd, left in spite of orders from his king absolutely directing him to remain. Apparently he has sacrificed his career to his fright, for this king was so determined that his embassy at least should remain in Paris that he has replaced this ambassador by another who has more courage,—the new one is a soldier.

These fleeing diplomats insult France by assum-

ing that she is already conquered, and insult the Germans by assuming that the lives of the accredited plenipotentiaries of foreign nations would not be safe in the hands of German soldiers. They also leave their own subjects in Paris without a soul to represent them at a moment when they really need a representative for the first time in decades. When these magnates have recomposed their minds in Bordeaux and have time to formulate excuses, they will probably say that they left Paris because it was their solemn duty to accompany the French Government; but yesterday, when they were asked why they were departing so swiftly, they could only cry: "The Germans are coming."

Mr. Herrick looks on with calm amazement. Three days ago he telegraphed Washington to ask for authorization to stay in Paris. The reply left the matter to his own discretion. Thirty minutes later he was in the cabinet of M. Delcassé to say that he would stay in Paris no matter what might come. It must have been a wonderful tableau when those two men faced each other across M. Delcassé's big desk. As Mr. Herrick stated that the American Embassy was positively

to remain in Paris, M. Delcassé's expression of calm dignity vanished in a flash. He stepped around his desk and shook Mr. Herrick eagerly by the hand. He said there were many precious memorials and many rare objects which might have their habitation in one spot like Paris, but which nevertheless belonged to all civilized humanity, and that no diplomat could perform a greater service to France and to mankind than to stay in Paris and do what could be done to protect these precious memorials and objects from destruction—a destruction which might be avoided if an authorized spokesman of that humanity were present to protest.

. . . . . .

The stampede out of Paris grows hour by hour. It is a contagion and seizes all classes. A week ago it was a short street indeed which did not boast at least one Red Cross Hospital; now most of them are deserted, for the fashionable women who followed the fashion in joining hospitals have now again followed the fashion and fled, pell-mell.

The newspaper men and the "war correspondents" have been particularly concerned for their own safety. By supreme efforts, I today managed

to obtain conveyances to transport several of them out of the city—men with sweat on their brows and hands that trembled. There is an element of humor in it all, despite the sadness. One of the staff remarked, "Do you notice how all the newspaper men, who for weeks have been pestering us with requests to be sent to the front, now demand as insistently to be sent away, when the front is at last coming to them?" In time of peace diplomats and war correspondents are easily the most pugnacious people in the world. If one has taken them at their own estimation the resulting contrast is painful.

Today we took over the interests of Great Britain, Japan, and Guatemala. We have represented Germany, Austria, and Hungary since the beginning of August, so that, including the United States, we are now seven embassies in one.

Friday, September 4th. Last evening all Paris awaited the "six o'clock Taube" which has become for the French a regular and almost welcome feature of each day's happenings. At four o'clock a French aviator in a monoplane took the air and mounted up, up, up, in slow wide

M. DELCASSÉ, FRANCE'S MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

[He is the most capable of France's statesmen, and was the prime mover in the formation of the Triple Entente. He has been three times Minister of Marine, once Minister of the Colonies, and five times Minister of Foreign Affairs.]

circles whose center was the Tour Eiffel, until he finally reached an altitude of some 10,000 feet. Then, a mere speck in the cold, thin air, he circled slowly around and around, waiting for the German —who never came. Even without this climax the situation was thrilling enough. The Frenchman descended sadly from his lofty beat just as night fell, while waiting Paris was distinctly disappointed. That night in the restaurants one heard Frenchmen express the extraordinary hope that nothing *too* terrible had happened to brave Lieutenant von Heidssen.

This morning Paris is informed that the Lieutenant had been punctually on his way to his daily appointment when, in flying over the Bois de Vincennes, a rifle bullet had passed through his heart. Strange to say, he planed down on a long steep slant, this man-bird, just as game birds do when similarly stricken, and landed without serious damage to his machine. He was found sitting stone dead, strapped up in his seat. Such is the quick generosity of the French temperament that today he is mourned by all Paris, this Lieutenant von Heidssen, who died on his lonely way to keep his fifth punctual appointment with the city

of his enemies. Paris actually regrets that he no longer comes at six each evening to throw bombs at her.

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Mr. Herrick's remaining in Paris has been greeted with wonderful appreciation and enthusiasm by the whole French nation. His picture is in all the newspapers and shop windows, and even the most humble member of the Embassy shines by reflected glory.

The diplomatic responsibilities resting on our Embassy become more and more important, but everyone acknowledges that in each emergency Mr. Herrick shows himself equal to the situation. When the first German aëroplane threw bombs at Paris, a wave of indignation and protestation swept over the city. It was one of those waves of excitement which carry judgment before it. Citizens and officials, newspapers and posters, Frenchmen and Americans, all besought and begged Mr. Herrick, "the courageous, the noble Mr. Herrick," to make formal protest to Washington. Everywhere one heard in angry tones the phrases: "brutality," "contrary to the Hague Convention," "killing non-combatants," "barbarians."

Mr. Herrick decided that there was more danger in protesting too soon than of protesting too late. He delayed long enough to consult his books and to confer with his legal and military advisers. I was fortunate enough to be present when he read the final summing-up of his conclusions. He had discovered that neither Germany nor France had signed the clause of the Hague Convention forbidding air-craft to drop bombs on cities. Therefore, the law that non-combatants of a city must be warned before any bombardment is begun did not, in the case of these two nations, technically apply, whatever the considerations of humanity might dictate.

Mr. Herrick did not protest, for there was legally nothing to protest about. He forwarded verbatim to Washington the protests of the French Government.

One now sees many British and Belgian soldiers about Paris. They have come in on the edges of the great retreat. Their morale is exactly the reverse of what one would expect in troops who have been badly beaten. They express great contempt for the German soldier. They describe him as a stupid, brutal, big-footed creature, who

does not know how to shoot and who has a distaste for the bayonet. They seem unable to understand why they have been beaten by the Germans and try to explain it by saying, "There are so many of them."

The Belgians, nearly all of whom have come from Liége and Namur, speak in the most awe-stricken terms of the effects of the big German siege guns, which fire a shell 11.2 inches in diameter. These guns were placed in distant valleys and could not be located by the Belgians. Moreover, they outranged the guns of the forts and could not have been injured even if they had been located. The forts thus lay hopeless and awaited their doom, which came suddenly enough in the shape of great shells dropping out of the sky upon their cupolas. The explosions might have been approximated by combining an earthquake, a volcanic eruption, and a cyclone.

Namur was surrounded by twelve forts. The bombardment began on a Wednesday night and three of the forts were reduced to scrap in two days. The Germans marched through the gap thus made and took the other forts in the rear, so that in less than three days Namur was completely

in their possession. This will undoubtedly be the system used against Paris, and apparently there is no antidote. The forts cannot reply, for they cannot determine where the big guns are located; but meanwhile the big guns know the exact position of the forts, and they, moreover, outrange the forts.

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Today I had an opportunity to talk with three British officers recently arrived in Paris from that part of the front just this side of Chantilly. They were incredibly grimy, dirty, and sweaty and were greatly embarrassed thereby. They were of the first body of British troops landed in France; they had met the Germans at Charleroi and had been through the whole retreat of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, having been constantly in action for some two weeks. They summed up their experiences by saying that they had received "a hell of a licking." This statement is rather overmodest since within a day or so we have learned that the British, numbering about sixty thousand, were opposed by four or five German army corps, amounting to two hundred thousand men, and that in spite of this the British had retreated stubbornly, contesting every mile.

A most extraordinary thing which these officers told me was that, during their whole retreat from Charleroi to Compiègne, they had never seen a single French soldier nor received any assistance from the French army. One is tempted to wonder what would have happened if there had been no British army to help check the retreat toward Paris.

British soldiers agree that they have received most extraordinary hospitality from the civilians and peasantry of Belgium and France. Whole villages, themselves facing starvation, gave their last crumb of bread and their last drop of wine to the British troops and cheerfully slept in the fields in order that the soldiers might snatch a bit of rest in their houses.

All the officers with whom I have had the opportunity to talk agree that the German losses have been enormous. I do not think that this is entirely patriotic exaggeration, since British officers are not particularly prone to flights of fancy. One of them prefaced his remarks on the retreat from Charleroi by saying, "The truth of the matter is, we got damn well licked," and went on to say that his men shot and shot and shot until they

became sick of killing, and that the Germans kept coming, always coming, their ranks riddled and smashed by bullets and shells. The British all agree that the German troops have an unflinching, dogged, brutal courage, which nothing seems to daunt. They come on and on, climbing over the bodies of the regiments which have gone before. The German tactics are those of Napoleon. They attack a position and they keep on attacking it until they take it, no matter what it costs; regiments and brigades are wiped out without any wavering in the commander's resolve or in the dogged persistence of his troops.

In spite of the fact that they have been constantly beaten by German tactics, the officers of the Allies persist in considering them antiquated and barbarous. They ascribe the German successes to their big guns and to the wonderfully efficient way in which their bad tactics are carried out. They all agree that the German skill in concentrating troops before an attack is wonderful. So far they have never failed to have overwhelming numbers at any point of offense.

CHAPTER III

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Paris, Sunday, September 6th. Since the French Government left Paris we have been totally ignorant of all that is going on outside of the city walls. For the past few days everything has been hazy rumor. During all last week we expected the Germans to march into Paris any day; for their headquarters were at Compiègne, their heavy advance at Senlis and Coulomiers, and their cavalry at Pontoise and Chantilly.

With the Germans only fifteen miles from the gates of Paris, the newspapers make no definite mention of the fact, but fill their space with accounts of the great victories which the Russians think to win in Silicia. Rumor has it that the Germans have even encircled Paris and are at Fontainebleau to the south-southeast. This is highly improbable, but we have already seen that the

wildest improbability of one day becomes an actuality the next. Everyone at the Embassy, and indeed all Paris, is desperately anxious for news. Even unfavorable news would be better than this prolonged suspense. Everyone inquires and wonders and queries, but no one knows what the real situation is—where the German army is stationed, what its next move may be, or if any of the Allied army is between it and Paris.

After several days of great tension, desperately trying to the active American temperament, I decided that the easiest way to find out what was happening outside the city was to go and see. It was first absolutely necessary to obtain permission from the authorities of Paris to pass out of the gates—as without proper papers I would certainly be arrested. I, by this time, knew personally many of the police officials in the city, having interviewed them hundreds of times in regard to German and Austrian internes. Finally I found one who thought he knew me well enough to trust me with a pass. He explained that the garrison of Paris occupied a zone which extended out from the walls ten miles in all directions. Outside this were the moving armies, and once beyond the

defensive zone we could, at our own risk, go where we chose. My permit stated that we were bound for Lagny, which is about twelve miles from the gates and well outside the circle of defense. I took one of the Embassy automobiles driven by a skillful American amateur, Melvin Hall. He drove his own six-cylinder high-power car, carrying a light touring body.

We left the city about four o'clock in the afternoon by the Porte de Vincennes. Immediately we left the walls behind us, we found all the roads guarded by French troops and barred by elaborate obstructions. Every two or three minutes we were brought to a stop by little gated forts built across the highway, which were loopholed for rifles and commanded the road in both directions. These were designed to retard German scouting parties or halt German mitrailleuse automobiles. The barriers were built of an extraordinary variety of material: trees, paving-stones, barrels, carts, hen-coops, sandbags, boxes, and fence-rails. At each barrier were stationed a score or more of soldiers, and as one approached, one saw the gleam of bayonets and heard a sharp, imperative "Halte-là!" When we came to a full stop, two or three

of the sentinels would step out cautiously and suspiciously, their rifles all ready for action, while in a gingerly way they examined our papers.

The barriers were usually placed in positions of strategic importance, on hills or ridges, and always one was found at each end of the main thoroughfare of every village. All the side streets of the villages were closed and fortified, and any opening between the outermost houses was piled high with obstructions. Each little town within the fortified zone thus became itself a small fort, a complete circle of defense. We travelled along slowly for some ten miles, being halted and examined about every half mile. Finally we came to a great trench which ran across the fields on either side of the road. Facing away from Paris, one looked over a valley, and in the distance could distinctly hear the boom of guns in action.

We were now at the outer line of the defense zone, within which all the roads, bridges, and valleys were held by infantry working in conjunction with the large forts placed at intervals in the great circle. Outside of this zone is open country in which battles are being fought; where and when, it was our aim to discover.

At the trench where we halted, the men on guard were very much on the *qui vive* and the officers were busy with their field-glasses, for they had just received warning that German cavalry were in front of them in the valley over which we looked. We stopped to talk for a few minutes with the commanding officer, and then, releasing our brakes, slid quietly out in front of the trench, down the hill.

It was silent and lonely in the valley; the whole countryside was desolate. We saw neither soldier nor civilian. The very air seemed charged with disaster. In a few minutes we ran into Lagny, which was absolutely deserted. A curious sensation it is to enter a town having all the marks of being inhabited and yet to sense the utter absence of human beings. On the village square, however, we found the Mayor, who, like so many brave French officials throughout the country, had felt it his first duty to stand by his community, come what might to him personally. He told us that the Germans were spread all over the country between Lagny and the Meaux, ten miles away, and added that their cavalry had been through the town recently and might return any minute. He

then warned us that we could not cross the Marne, which ran through the village, because the bridges were all down. We, therefore, turned south toward Fessières, at right angles to our original course, and parallel to the walls of Paris.

Before reaching Ferrières, we again touched the outer lines of the fortified camp. Here a big standing trench was occupied by French infantry which had been in action with some German cavalry only a few minutes before. The captain in command asked us to take a soldier who had been wounded back to the brigade hospital some two or three miles to the rear. This we did gladly and found the hospital located in the schoolhouse of a small village. Here we also encountered a wounded English private who was manifestly grateful to hear the sound of his own language. The village was occupied by a large body of French Hussars who were there encamped. Some of them were rubbing down their horses, others were cooking supper. The gray smoke of the fires ascending through the poplar trees, the bare-armed soldiers laboring over their mounts, the deserted houses, the litter of saddles and equipment, made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

We returned to the entrenchments again, crossed them, and proceeded to Ferrières, where we at last found a road which turned off to the east. We followed this for two miles, passing through the grounds of a large château only to find the road barred by an impassable combination of ditches, barriers, and barbed wire. We went back again to Ferrières, which we learned had been the seat of the British General Staff only that morning, and from there continued southward for several miles to another village called Pontcarré. Here at last we found a straight and open road to the east. We turned down it at top speed, not having the faintest idea of what was ahead, and ran for ten miles through deserted farming country in which the only signs of life were two French cavalry patrols scouting through the woods.

Just as night was falling, we approached Villeneuve-le-Comte. Watchful sentries in khaki surrounded the village, and the fields around it on all sides were packed with British troops, who had just arrived and were in the act of bivouacking for the night. From them we learned that the German army was less than three miles away at Crécy and that on the morrow at dawn a great

battle was to be staged. All the Allies had been force-marching to get there in time.

On every side camp fires gleamed out through the gray of the gloaming and their smoke mounted upward to mingle with the gray of the evening sky above. Everywhere one saw men and horses blissfully resting after the long, hot, and dusty march. The men lay upon the ground with every muscle relaxed, while the horses, with drooped heads, stood first on one tired hind foot and then upon the other. Long lines of motor trucks loaded with ammunition were parked along the gutters of all the roads and byways. Along the crowded highway a lane was, however, sacredly kept open, and men looked twice before they ventured to cross it. From time to time an orderly on a motor-cycle, carrying instructions to subordinate commanders, would zip at a dizzy speed down this narrow path which was flanked by almost unbroken walls of men, wagons, and lorries.

The streets of the little French village were crowded full with khaki-clad soldiers. A battalion of Highlanders were going through inspection in the dusk. They now numbered only three hundred odd, but two weeks ago in Belgium they had been

eleven hundred strong. An officer of another regiment informed us that he knew of no British battalion in all history which had sustained such heavy losses and yet been able to maintain its formation and fight on. We watched with interest the Scotchmen of that regiment file by after dismissal. They were incredibly tattered and torn, their kilts dirty and frayed; many of them wore big, battered straw hats. The only things about them which were neat were their rifles, their bayonets, and their clean-shaven faces. One could certainly have no doubts as to the excellent state of their morale; we were, indeed, much impressed by the morale of all these British troops who, notwithstanding the fact that they had been beaten back during two long weeks across a hundred and fifty miles of country and had been retreating until that very morning, in no sense felt themselves defeated but eagerly awaited the word to advance and attack.

We spent a profitable and long-to-be-remembered hour and a half talking with the British officers and watching the troops. We had brought with us a supply of the two things they most craved—matches and newspapers, and whenever

any of these were distributed it nearly produced a riot. When a box of matches was handed out, two matches would, as long as they lasted, be given to each man of a company.

Word was passed around that we were to return to Paris that evening, and first and last we were given some fifty notes written hurriedly by the men who wished to send a last word to their homes before the battle which was to begin on the morrow. We, of course, accepted these notes only with the permission of the officers.

It was long after dark before we started back toward Paris. Mist and fog hung close to the ground, and it was a weird ride as we felt our way through lonely woods and deserted villages, being continually stopped by ditches or barbed wire or a barrier across the road. Often ahead of us we would suddenly see bayonets flickering through the mist as our headlights shone out upon them, and immediately the terse cry of "Halte-là!" followed; a sergeant would come forward, lantern in hand, to examine our papers and suspiciously look us over. All the time we felt that a dozen unseen rifles were leveled at us from somewhere out in the dark.

We re-entered Paris through the Porte de Vincennes at half-past eight. After dinner I made a report of our trip to Mr. Herrick, saying that a great battle was about to begin; that the German armies formed a right angle, the apex of which was near Meaux, while one side extended north through Senlis and the other ran almost due east; that between this German army and Paris were stationed the British and French troops who would retreat no farther but expected themselves to open the attack in the morning. After the suspense of the past few days it is a tremendous relief to have definite news.

Monday, September 7th. For me all the world was this morning electric with excitement. That Paris should go calmly about her daily routine, unconscious and unconcerned, seemed monstrous. I wanted to grasp everyone I met and cry: "The Germans are only twenty miles away! A great battle is even now being fought just outside the gates!—a battle on the issue of which hangs the fate of France—and much more than France. If the thin line which stands between Paris and her enemies does not hold, this day sees

France reduced to a second-rate Power and Paris will again hear the tramp of German armies marching down the Champs-Elysées!" My feet walked the familiar streets, but every pulse-beat, every conscious thought was with the Allied armies of defense with which I had so recently been in touch. The sense of their near presence and of their great conflict was much more vivid to me than the objects passing before my physical eyes.

Tuesday, September 8th. I spent yesterday and today at the Embassy superintending the card-indexing of the German internes. Think of card catalogues! and the battle, perhaps the world's greatest battle, raging no farther away than one might reach in an hour by automobile!

Wednesday, September 9th. Mr. Breckenridge, the American Assistant Secretary of War, has arrived in Paris, and with him came also Colonel Allen of the General Staff of the United States Army. Just as I reached the limit of endurance in card-indexing, release came.

Through the energy and activity of Mr. Brecken-

ridge, a permit has been obtained allowing Colonel Allen, Captain Parker, and myself to leave the city and view the battle which is raging outside. We are to observe and study as much of the operations as possible, in order to gather information useful to our army in America.

We are allowed to take our own chauffeur, and Melvin Hall, at my suggestion, has been chosen for this position. We hope to stay a week and shall leave tomorrow, if the machine can be made ready for so long a trip in so short a time.

Thursday, September 10th. I had this morning a long talk with Richard Harding Davis. He has just arrived from Belgium and is at present striving to get permits to see the war in France. He said that never in his previous war experiences had he seen such unspeakable atrocities as the Germans have committed in Belgium. He speaks nearly as vehemently about it as does Dr. Louis Seaman. He is the first person with whom I have had opportunity to talk who has actually been in Belgium and saw the details of the violation of that country by Germany.

Hall was today unable to complete the prepara-

tions on his automobile. On this trip, running through a region devastated by war, we dare not count on finding gasoline, tires, or food, but must start well stocked with all these essentials. We wish to keep going at least five or six days and probably shall find during that time no opportunity to refit. Hall is, therefore, loading up every spare corner of his automobile with food, tires, and gasoline cans.

The great cry of the troops at the front is for matches, cigarettes, and newspapers. I have purchased one hundred boxes of matches, one hundred and sixty newspapers, and six hundred cigarettes to distribute among them as chance offers.

It has been raining almost constantly this week. One cannot help wondering what effect it has had upon the great battle out yonder, the battle about which we still know so little, and of which we think so anxiously.

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CHAPTER IV

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Friday, September 11th. It still continues to rain much of the time. Today it developed into a drenching, pelting, soaking downpour, which continued all day long.

Colonel Allen, Captain Parker, and I had luncheon at the Grand Hotel. Hall arrived with the machine at two o'clock. He had packed into it, or tied to it, an immense stock of canned goods, biscuits, and bread, an incredible amount of gasoline, with a heavy overcoat and small satchel for each one of us, until the car looked more like a commissariat wagon than a touring car. We were bidden God-speed by Major Henry, Captain Barker, and Lieut. Hunnicutt and by Frederick Palmer and Richard Harding Davis, when just before half-past two we shot out from the porte-cochère into the rain, prepared if necessary to stay away a week.

We ran rapidly to Lagny along an unobstructed route, where only a few days ago Hall and I had continually been held up by the barriers and troops of the defensive zone. We had then not been permitted to travel half a mile without being halted. Today what a change! We saw no troops at all in this defensive zone and with a thrill we thus realized that the battle must be going favorably for the Allies.

Between the Porte de Vincennes and Lagny our papers were examined only once, by a solitary sentry on the bridge at Bry-sur-Marne. It is evident that the Germans have either been beaten back or have chosen to retire from the neighborhood. From Lagny we passed rapidly to Villeneuve-le-Comte, which was now totally devoid of troops. At Crécy we came upon the first signs of war. Here we saw a big park of British reserve ammunition. All along the roads were the remains of a German field telephone line, which had doubtless been constructed about the time Hall and I had been in Villeneuve on Sunday.

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All day the rain continued to pour in torrents.

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Our machine rolled over the brow of a hilltop and below us in a hollow we saw the little village of Rebais. The road straight before us gently sloped down to the hamlet, passing through it as its principal street. Yesterday there had been heavy fighting in and around the town; French troops had entered it and advanced through it under heavy fire. There were great black holes in the roofs and walls and the ground was littered with bits of glass and slate. The village lay very still and motionless in the pelting rain. We glanced up each of its lanes as we glided by, and in each the bodies of numerous dead French soldiers lay sodden in the mud, with their red legs sticking out in attitudes of ludicrous ghastliness. A line of ammunition wagons half a mile long was parked at the side of the village street and the horses were picketed in long lines in the adjacent gardens and fields.

On the right there was a level mowed field along the edge of which the teamsters were huddled over campfires, cooking. Beginning a few yards behind them the field was strewn with dead soldiers lying monstrously conspicuous on the bare ground. On the far side of the field half a mile away was a

jumble of houses, trees, and fences, and here German infantry supported by two batteries had the day before taken up a position. A battalion of the 17th French Line Regiment had charged across the flat field into their teeth. We were told that in this charge they had lost fifty per cent. of their men but had gone on undaunted, and had "got home" *à la bayonette*, capturing the position and a number of prisoners.

We walked silently among the dead. Where the casualties had been heaviest, we counted seventeen bodies within a circle thirty paces in diameter. Every man of the group had fallen forward with his bayonet pointing straight out in front of him. Some had been running with such *élan* that in falling their shoulders had fairly plowed into the soft ground. They had nearly all been killed by shrapnel fire, which in most cases had killed cleanly. We found one, however, who had been badly mashed by a shell which had burst in the ground at his feet, making a deep, oblong hole six feet long into which his shattered body had fallen. The metal identification tags, one of which every soldier wears, had not been collected. These are removed by the burying squad, and

sent home as announcers of the decease. This group had all been so recently killed that their faces were very lifelike. One found oneself repeating "How natural they look!" and one could pretty well judge what sort of men they had been in life. Here was a slight smooth-faced blond-haired boy, who must have been dearly beloved by the women of his family. Here again a serious, kindly, middle-aged man whose face bore a curious expression of preoccupation. I caught myself thinking, "I should like to have known him." We found one who in his dying agony had evidently taken from his pocket a letter which now lay a sodden mass in his dead hand. We could not resist that mute appeal, but picked the letter carefully from his stiff fingers to be dried out later and delivered, if possible, to the woman to whom it was addressed.

As one looked at all these useless, cumbersome bits of carrion which no one in the rush of war had had time to remove, one could not but remember how each one had been suddenly wrenched from a useful life and in death had somewhere left a broken family. The dead do not have the tragic expressions with which painters credit them.

Those who have been instantly killed generally wear grotesque expressions. Some look bored—others have a silly look of surprise, as if a practical joke had just been played upon them. These grotesque expressions are much more frightful than could be any indicative of suffering. Those who have died slowly are usually propped up against something in a sitting posture, and their faces express happiness or perfect peace.

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We passed beyond the position which the Germans had recently held. Here beside the road was a farmer's house with a great hole in its roof. In the door stood a very old man gazing stupidly at the landscape. In front of his house lay side by side three dead Germans. They lay on their backs; the coat and shirt of each had been torn open at the neck and their bare breasts were marred by a clotted mass of closely grouped bullet marks. Further inspection showed that their arms were tied behind them and we knew that we were witnessing the results of a military execution. The old man against whose house they had been shot explained that they had been among the prisoners taken in the charge of the French

infantry the day before and that their fate had been the penalty for what was revealed when their pockets had been searched.

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We cross-questioned several inhabitants of the little village of Boissy, who told us that the Germans had held the place for five days and had left only two days ago, on Wednesday evening. Fleeing at the approach of a heavy force of the British, they had retired in a northeasterly direction. We judged from the description given by the peasants that the force which had occupied the neighborhood consisted of a division of cavalry with a strong force of artillery. In entering Boissy the Germans had cornered a patrol of about twenty British cavalrymen and had killed them all, the last three having defended themselves in a little brick house where they had been shot down one by one. The Germans had burned this house and the two adjoining ones in order to make sure that no more troopers were in hiding. We saw only one other building in the village which had been damaged. The inhabitants explained that it was a jewelry shop and that the invaders had wrecked it hoping to find hidden valuables. We did not

have time to investigate this statement. There had been no fighting in the streets other than the battle with the British patrol and we considered the condition of the place a credit to the force which had occupied it. The inhabitants, indeed, protested that all food supplies had been confiscated but agreed that no civilians had been injured and that no women had been molested.

As we approached Montmirail, we passed a beautiful monument, dedicated to Napoleon, who had directed a battle from that spot in 1814, one hundred years ago. A golden eagle surmounted a column which stood upon a stepped base. The fields about were plowed by shells and yesterday one shell had knocked a big chunk off the side of the column about halfway up. Leaning against the base, in an attitude of infinite weariness, sat a dead French soldier.

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Much of the dismal aftermath of battle seems to be concentrated along the highways, which are punctuated by dead men and dead horses thrown into the gutters to be out of the way. Long trains of horse-drawn wagons plod wearily along toward the front; the towns through which they pass are

battered and nearly deserted; the poplars which line the roads are broken and gashed by shells, and the fields on either side are marred by shell craters and by the trenches of the burying squads.

We entered the shattered town of Montmirail at nightfall. Long lines of ammunition wagons were encamped for the night just outside and the town itself was packed with troops. The place had been for eighteen consecutive hours under a heavy artillery bombardment. The houses were battered, the streets were pitted by shells, and there remained in the whole village not a single unbroken window. There had been much fighting in the streets and the place had been alternately taken and retaken by Germans and French.

All accommodation in the town had by one blanket order been requisitioned for the military. We plowed our way through rain and mud to the office of the Mayor who kindly assigned us to rooms, giving us written orders on the owners, who turned out to be a quaint old French shirtmaker and his wife. Hall and I went scouting around through the place and managed to get hold of a fourteen-sou loaf of bread and two bottles of wine which served as supper, thus saving our own

precious supplies for future emergencies. Before returning, we visited two cafés which were jammed with soldiery, from whom we managed to glean a lot of very interesting information. They all spoke with the greatest respect, admiration, and affection of their field artillery, "le soixante-quinze."

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Provisions were very scarce. We saw a Turco, who had apparently lost his regiment and who spoke scarcely any French, vainly trying to find some food. He walked about through the cafés waving a one hundred franc note in each hand and ceaselessly demanding something to eat.

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After supper a council of war was held in order to decide upon our course of action for the morrow. Captain Parker was eager to hunt for a vortex of the battle where, he held, the primary decision must have been lost and won and the fighting would have been most intense; while the action on all the other parts of the line must have been contingent upon the results at this "tactical center." This "focus" could not have been to the north or west of Paris, because the great bodies of French troops are to

the east; nor was it on the battle line nearest Paris, for everything we saw today in and behind the zone of operations testified to the contrary. In all the actions we have so far observed, the Germans were retiring deliberately in a retreat evidently determined by some ulterior cause. We noted many places where severe fighting had taken place, but in every case it bore the unmistakable signs of being merely a hotly contested rear-guard action. We so far have neither seen nor heard of any great German defeat such as must somewhere have occurred in order to start a general retreat, and to force such numerous rear-guard actions. A victorious German army does not suddenly begin to retire unless compelled to do so by a gigantic and crushing defeat at some one point; such a defeat must mean days of losses so frightful that the beaten army is physically exhausted and its morale shaken.

From a military point of view it was of vital importance to discover this spot and to study the battlefield for lessons in tactics. Captain Parker maintained that it would be more profitable to find this center than to give way to our inclination to go forward into the actual fighting; that if we

could locate it, it would be best to stay upon the abandoned field of the German defeat to study how the battle had been fought. He pointed out that the opportunity would be equivalent to being upon the field of Waterloo or Gettysburg the day after action ceased. As a result of the conference, it was finally decided to accept Captain Parker's contention and hunt for the battlefield of the great and decisive French victory, rather than to turn north toward the constant booming of cannon. We shall, therefore, continue to work our way to the eastward toward Chalons-sur-Marne, beating back and forth across the country and carefully covering all the ground.

At the Front, Saturday, September 12th. We slept last night in beds which had recently been occupied by German officers and spent a very chilly night therein on account of the cold, wet wind which blew in through the many shattered windows. We woke to the rumbling of distant cannon, which might more correctly be called a trembling of the air rather than a true sound. Still hoarding our provisions, we ate a frugal breakfast of stale bread and of tea made from the dried leaves of linden trees. We started off at half-past

seven, receiving a very friendly God-speed from our aged host and hostess.

All morning we made our way in an easterly direction, beating back and forth across the country in order to cover as much ground as possible. When we turned to the north the sound of cannon became louder and when we swung to the south it grew fainter. We studied the country carefully and, when possible, talked with any of the Allied officers we chanced to meet. They usually knew thoroughly the events which had taken place in the particular neighborhood in which they had operated, but were astonishingly ignorant of what had gone on at any distance. What they told us was always very valuable, because it assisted us to piece together the fabric of the campaign as a whole.

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Beyond Vauchamps we came upon a scene where there had been heavy artillery fighting. The fields were plowed up by innumerable shells and many dead horses were strewn along the gutters, with here and there a dead soldier who had fallen in the road and been hurriedly thrown aside so that he should not hinder traffic.

The highway was elevated a bit above the level country which stretched on either side, and at one spot we saw where two German guns had fought from behind this slight protection. They had been placed in holes sunk a few inches into the ground, and the loose earth had been piled up to form a little mound in front, preventing bullets from flying under the gun shield. Empty cartridge cases were strewn about and a pile of unused ammunition was stacked up like cordwood. The German guns had been in sight of a French battery across the fields and a direct-fire artillery duel had taken place between the two. The craters of thirty-two French shells were within twenty paces of the emplacements and the ground was strewn with splinters and shrapnel cases. There were several very dead German artillerymen who had evidently been working the guns when direct hits had been made upon the material of the battery. No limbers or caissons had been with the guns, but a caisson had been placed in a field about two hundred yards behind, and men ran up and down across the field carrying ammunition in wicker baskets, each of which holds three shells. We picked up four of these shell baskets as curiosities

and managed to find room for them in our machine.

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As we advanced we became more and more convinced of the correctness of Capt. Parker's theory that there had been a big focal center of the battle somewhere still to the east of us, and that the actions along the rest of the line of contact from Paris to Lorraine had occurred with reference to this vortex.

It is characteristic of the limited knowledge which troops in battle have of what goes on outside of their immediate geographical vicinity, that we ran almost into the great battle area for which we were searching before anyone gave us a hint of its location. It was at Vertus that we were told by a French officer that terrific fighting had taken place in the upland plateau to the south of us, around a place called Fère Champenoise; that the Germans had there made their main attack with close to a quarter of a million men; that a frightful battle had raged, a battle in which the Germans were at first, during some thirty-six hours, victorious, but that, with the arrival of reinforcements, the Ninth French Army under General Foch had

"THE DEAD WERE SCATTERED FAR AND WIDE"

turned the tide and finally routed them. The officers said that the fighting and slaughter had been frightful; that the combined casualties of the two sides were close to two hundred thousand on a front of something over twenty miles and a depth of about fifteen miles. They said that the battle area was contained roughly within a circumference drawn through the villages of Champaubert, Coligny, Pierre-Morains, Clamanges, Sommesous, Gourgançon, Corroy, and Sézanne.

As we conferred with the officers a constant stream of reinforcements for the French army was passing, coming from Fère Champenoise and marching toward Ay and Epernay; regiments of infantry, ammunition trains, caissons, transports, and cavalry, all marching endlessly toward the booming guns to the northward.

We turned our machine to the south with a feeling of the greatest awe at the thought of what two hundred thousand casualties must mean. We were silent for some minutes as the machine sped along, and then Captain Parker remarked: "At Gettysburg or at Waterloo the total forces engaged amounted to only about one hundred and sixty thousand!"

We ran toward the slope of the plateau, passing slowly an endless, unbroken line of transports. Beyond Bergères-Les-Vertus an infantry brigade was resting beside the road and the tired men were cooking and eating.

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We tried to comprehend the battle as a whole by studying a great many fields, any one of which would a few years ago have been considered an entire battle in itself. The dead were scattered far and wide; and in the fields and among the grain-stacks the wounded cried out their piteous faint appeals. Little groups of German stragglers were hiding in the forests, and squads of alert French soldiers hunted them down, beating through the cover as eager setter dogs search for grouse. In one field of about six acres lay nine hundred German dead and wounded; across another, where a close-action fight had raged, two hundred French and Germans lay mixed together, all mashed and ripped. Here was the curious sight of a German and Frenchman lying face to face, both dead, and each one transfixed by the other's bayonet.

The very birds of the air and the beasts of the field lay dead and rotting amid the general de-

struction. We saw feathers and bits of chickens and halves of cows. On one occasion Hall maintained that "it" had been a cow, while I thought "it" was a horse, and no piece large enough for a certain identification could be found. Of some of the villages which had been peaceful and beautiful a week ago, there remained now only chimneys, ashes, and bits of walls rising from smouldering gray débris. A French village wrecked by battle looks very much wrecked indeed, in contrast with its habitual orderly and toy-like appearance.

I was not so horrified in viewing these ghastly sights as I had expected, because I could not put from me a sense of their unreality. The human mind is incapable of comprehending to the full such terrible happenings. One kept endlessly saying to oneself: "Can all this which we are seeing really have taken place in this once quiet French countryside, almost within the suburbs of Paris? It seems impossible—unbelievable!"

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In the little upland village of Clamanges was a field hospital which had been established by the Germans when they first occupied the place on the night of September 7th. They had held it until

their retreat on the 10th, when their retirement was so precipitate that they had been unable to take with them their wounded.

In this war it is the custom to convert the village churches into hospitals. The chairs and benches are thrown out into the graveyard and the floor is covered with straw upon which the wounded are laid in long rows extending the length of the nave. The altar is converted into the pharmacist's headquarters and bottles and medicaments are piled thereon, while bandages, for want of room, are sometimes hung upon the statue of the Virgin, who has, in this unique service, an air of sublime and compassionate contentment. An operating room is usually established in the vestry or in the Parish House and a Red Cross flag is hung from the steeple. Any shell holes in the roofs and walls are stopped with sections of tenting. As we approached Clamanges, we detected a sickening, subtle, sweetish odor which crept stealthily to us through the air and filled us with an insinuating disgust. The Colonel said simply, "That is gangrene."

The streets of the village were muddy and littered, and there were innumerable ominous flies

everywhere. The town was crammed with German wounded. In the church long rows of them, touching feet to head and arm to arm, so that the attendants had to step gingerly between as they made their slow way about. The neighboring peasant houses were packed full with the overflow. In the halls lay the bodies of men who had died of gangrene, and as no one had time to attend to the dead, the piles of them grew and increased. We were told that there were thirteen hundred wounded in the village, among whom labored sixty attendants. They were all severely wounded, since the Germans had dragged with them all their slightly wounded, these being good assets.

What had once been a little rose garden was piled high with a gigantic heap of bloody accoutrements which had been taken from wounded men as they were brought in. Under a tree in a corner of the churchyard a surgeon had set up a big kitchen table which he used for operations; the ground underneath was black and caked. In a near by corner of the church walls was a great pile of boots and stained clothes which had been cut from shattered limbs, and I expect one might

have discovered even more ghastly objects had one ventured to turn over the rags. The attendants were nearly all French, although two German doctors and several German orderlies had stayed behind with their wounded. All worked heroically to cope with their great task.

In the rush of battle it had been impossible to obtain food for the wounded, so that for days these men had gone hungry, and one heard the agonizing sound of dying men crying piteously for bread. The French attendants themselves went hungry in order to give their charges such small pittances of food as were obtainable. We watched an orderly who entered the church with a single loaf of bread which had just been secured and which was to be divided among several hundred wounded. He used a great knife as if he hoped to make up for the smallness of the supply by the largeness of the implement. Slowly and with sober care he cut slice after slice, each one so thin that the light shone through it. Every head was turned toward him and each burning pair of eyes was fixed upon the precious bread with an expression of animal dumbness, which reminded one of the intent eyes of a hungry dog as it watches a hoped-for morsel.

A CORNER OF THE CHURCH AT CLAMANGES

As he advanced step by step, the wounded stretched up shriveled hands, or propped themselves on one elbow to make more appealing gestures, their faces all contorted by the pains the movement caused them. They made no sound, for their attention was too intently fixed upon that bread. One, however, who had been overlooked, burst into screams and wailings until the mistake had been properly remedied. We Americans held a Council of War and unanimously decided to contribute our jealously hoarded supply of provisions; we thereby became as angels in the eyes of those poor creatures. A French attendant remarked as he handed a sliver of our only loaf of bread to a shattered man: "Il va mourir tout à l'heure, mais cela lui fera grand plaisir en mourant!"

The dying are frightful sights, and parts of them are often already mortified, as they lie in the straw, entirely occupied with breathing. They breathe eternally little short breaths, a hundred or a hundred and ten to the minute, like some sort of pump. They wish passionately not to die, and yet they know with desperate certainty that they are going to die. They lie down there

in a tiny, little black hell of their own and fight with all their might and main, feeling that they will die instantly if they skip one little short breath. (I was going to say they fight with all their soul and body, but they no longer really possess either of these). They have no time to speak, or listen, or move, or be helped, as every particle of energy must be used for the next respiration. A jumbled heap lies in the straw covered with a blanket to keep off the flies. An attendant looks at its side in search of the fluttering little pulsation of breath. If it is there, "he" is living; if all is still, "it" is dead, and they carry it out and dump it in the hall with the other bodies.

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The little village of Ecury-le-Repos had been deserted by every one but its Mayor, who mistook us for Germans, and as such faced us bravely and with dignity. He very correctly refused to believe that we were not of the enemy until he had examined our papers. His village was not a pleasant sight. He said that it had been taken and retaken many times and that there had been fighting in its streets as recently as yesterday; its

houses were battered and rent by shells and many had burned down and still smouldered; no earthquake could have ruined them more thoroughly. The narrow village streets were littered ankle deep with a muddy, rotting pot-pourri in which one detected broken glass, bits of brick, cartridges, roof slates, broken bottles, shreds of clothing, shells, fragments, shrapnel cases, and kepis. Dead men lay in the gutters, covered with filth to such an extent that one almost failed to recognize what they were.

In their last retreat the Germans had dragged their desperately wounded into halls and doorways in order that they might be out from under foot, and there they still lay. Half of them were mercifully already dead. We looked into one hallway only. Here amidst a stifling stench, five Germans were propped up; three were dead and the other two barely alive; all were covered black with flies and the living and the dead were eaten by white, weaving masses of maggots.

Ecury-le-Repos is situated in a little circular hollow, with elevated table-lands all around. Here where the table-lands begin to dip down, the Germans had defended themselves against the

advancing French. As they faced southward toward the oncoming enemy, they had the village in its cup-like hollow at their backs. At one point German infantry to the number of about two hundred had been placed on the crest facing across the bare level plateau, while in front of them some two hundred and fifty paces distant was a pine wood through which the French were advancing. The Germans had evidently had no time to entrench but had quickly lain down in skirmish order in the outer edge of a potato field; each soldier had then pushed up in front of him, as protection, a little heap of potatoes and loose earth. A hundred paces to the right of this German skirmish line, two mitrailleuses had been skillfully thrust forward some fifty yards in advance, and concealed in small trenches hurriedly dug. They could thus fire across the front of their own infantry and take in the flank any French who advanced. This action was one of a series which had taken place along this line of hills. The German flanks were not unprotected, but owing to the fact that the country was much broken and obscured by woods, such a force would be partly hidden from its neighbors to the right and left,

and largely independent in repelling any attack made against it.

A body of French infantry three to four hundred strong had advanced to the edge of the woods, facing the Germans, and had there taken up a skirmish position. The opposing bodies had then fired at each other a collective total of about twenty-five thousand rounds across a perfectly flat field. We were able to estimate the number of men engaged on either side from the impressions which their feet, elbows, and bodies had made in the soft earth, and we could judge how many rounds per man had been fired by counting the little piles of empty cartridges which had accumulated beside each rifleman. When we arrived upon the scene the wounded had nearly all been removed, but the dead were still untouched, and we were able to see that, as a result of this fusillade of twenty-five thousand rounds, only three Germans and six Frenchmen had been killed outright.

After this rifle contest, the French had made a bayonet charge across the open. The Germans had fired until the French had advanced about half way and had hit a score, after which they

temporarily ceased firing and the French then promptly "charged home." The two German mitrailleuses were unperceived by the advancing French, and as the French passed them in flank, the mitrailleuses opened fire; at the same moment the Germans suddenly fired a scattering rifle volley. Attacked in front and on the flank, every Frenchman but one was hit, and sixty dead still lay in a row across the field as if cut down by a mowing machine. The sole survivor of the fatal cross-fire was a boy with a tiny black moustache. Undaunted, he had charged alone in among the Germans and had received many bayonets in his heroic body. He lay on his back among the German cartridges fifty yards ahead of the row of his dead comrades.

Behind the crest of the plateau we could see the emplacements of four guns at intervals of about forty yards, but they had not been used in this engagement and may have been shelling some more distant objective.

Before leaving this field we gathered a quantity of potatoes and put them in the German shell baskets which we had picked up earlier in the day, in order that our gift to the field hospital might

not leave us totally without food. We felt rather unhappy at not being able to pay for them, but "à la guerre comme à la guerre."

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Just outside of Fère Champenoise on the road running west toward Broussy-le-Grand, we came upon the scene of an action in which the casualties had been exceedingly heavy. The neighborhood was absolutely deserted and as the wounded had been removed and there were no peasants about we could find no one to elucidate for us what had taken place. The action was not easy to unravel and the following conclusions were unverified by any eyewitnesses.

We, however, judged by the condition of the dead and other circumstantial evidence that the fight had taken place at the very beginning of the great battle—that is, on the morning of Tuesday, the 8th, when the French were slowly pushed back from the vicinity of Fère Champenoise. The road ran through the middle of an open field, with heavy forests on either side, some three hundred yards away to the north and south. A French regiment had evidently taken up a defensive position to the left of the road and parallel

with it, thus facing the woods to the north and some four hundred yards away. These woods were held by a regiment of Imperial Guard and a battery of artillery had been placed some three hundred yards behind them. The Guards had advanced one hundred and fifty yards into the open and then formed a firing-line. In some inexplicable manner they had accomplished this manœuvre without casualties.

The two firing-lines were thus facing one another across two hundred and fifty yards of open field; the men lying shoulder to shoulder were plainly visible to their opponents. The German firing-line was marked by nine dead. The shooting of the Guard was excellent and thus in marked contrast to the poor shooting of other German organizations which we had observed. The French position was marked by more than three hundred dead, and the roots and lower branches of some pine saplings near by were riddled with bullets; indeed, some of these had actually been cut down by rifle fire, and I estimated that there was on an average at least one bullet for every two square inches of bark. Nearly all the French must have been put out of action before the Ger-

mans finally charged, for the latter had only some twenty men killed in crossing the open to the French position. This is such a small loss to suffer when pushing home a bayonet charge, that the only explanation would be that few French were left to resist this final dash. In one place there was a pile of eleven dead Frenchmen who had evidently been killed in a desperate last stand.

Throughout this action the French had manifestly stood their ground very stubbornly, despite desperate losses, and had at no time broken or retreated. There were only ten dead behind their firing-line and these had been killed with the bayonet while fighting in the open. Another French regiment adjacent to them, in some woods farther west, had suffered no less heavily, and the woods were here literally dotted with the bodies of the dead. Our conclusion was that all the Frenchmen had been put out of action. It should be remembered that the ratio of wounded to killed is at least four to one. Colonel Allen said that he could not imagine worse destruction than these two regiments suffered. Evidently it was part of the price the French army so willingly paid for their great victory.

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We followed along the Petit Morin and the marshes of St. Gond. Here not far from Soizy-aux-Bois had been a furious bayonet fight in which a French colonial brigade had carried the German positions. At one point a regiment of Turcos had advanced across the Petit Morin and charged to the bare hill toward a long well-made trench held by a battalion of German infantry whose fire had not deterred them. As the Turcos closed in, the Germans jumped out of their trench and re-formed in a line behind it, but broke at the first shock of the Africans, who came on screaming, their knives and bayonets much in evidence. A scene of frightful carnage ensued as the rout spread along the hill. The Turcos chased the Germans over the fields and through neighboring woods, killing them right and left. The total casualties in the neighborhood must have been more than three thousand, the Germans being much the heavier losers.

I have read of such bayonet fights, but have always doubted their possibility in modern war. I have supposed that in close-range fighting a few men might be bayoneted, but that the majority of the casualties would be from gunshot wounds.

THE COMMON GRAVE OF NINE HUNDRED DEAD NEAR SOIZY-AUX BOIS

In this mêlée, however, most of the wounds were inflicted with the bayonet, and frightful wounds they were. Many on both sides had been pierced through the face, neck, and skull. The head of one German officer who had not fled with his men, but had bravely fought on single-handed, had been completely transfixed by a bayonet, which had entered through the eagle on the front of his helmet and passed through his skull and out behind.

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After passing through many scenes of horror, we arrived at the castle of Mondemont which is near Allemant, and caps the summit of a steep wooded hill overlooking the marshes of St. Gond. It was a Louis XV. château, but is now a mass of shattered ruins. Around it had been elaborate gardens with many paths, alleys, carp ponds, flower-beds, hedges, and walls. From its elevated position it commanded the valleys beneath. It had without much difficulty been captured by the Germans as they advanced southward, and when they later retreated to the north again they had left here a rearguard to hold back the victorious French.

All through the disastrous afternoon of Wednesday the 9th, these Germans had defended Monde-

mont against a furious cannonade and in the face of infantry assaults which, in some cases, had to be repulsed with the bayonet. Meanwhile, the main German armies retreated many miles until on Thursday morning this heroic rearguard found itself hopelessly surrounded on all sides. The French commanders summoned the place to surrender, explaining that further resistance was madness, but were met by a firm refusal, whereupon the Germans were subjected to a most terrific bombardment by cannon, large and small. In all at least ten thousand shells were fired at the château until it was reduced to a pile of rubbish. Even the garden walls remained standing only in isolated spots, and the surrounding forest was so completely wrecked that great boughs and whole trees lay criss-crossed in an inextricable tangle.

Near the château there was a field several acres in extent and in it alone we counted about a thousand craters which had been made by big shells. The road which passed in front of the château was full of great holes twenty feet in circumference blown out of the solid macadam. After this bombardment, a desperate infantry assault rolled up the hill and captured it, but only

after a frightful mêlée in which the defenders fought and died to the last man. I noticed a shutter remaining upon one window of the château which had been pierced by fifty-two bullets. By a singular chance there was one room which had been little damaged. In it as we entered there stood a table at which the German officers had been eating when interrupted by the final attack; their knives and forks lay on the plates, which still held meat and carrots, partly eaten, and wine half filled the glasses; two of the chairs had been hurriedly pushed back from the table, while a third, overturned, lay upon its side.

Sunday, September 13th. We spent the night at Bar-sur-Seine, sleeping in the hallway of a little hotel, and next morning went to the headquarters of General Joffre which, during the battle, were at Châtillon-sur-Seine.

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We returned to the battlefields in the neighborhood of Fère Champenoise early in the afternoon.

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We entered Fère Champenoise for the second time after dark, meaning to spend the night there.

The town was packed with transport wagons and troops. All the houses were dark, the only illumination being from lamps on wagons and automobiles which stood in the market-place and along the main highway through the town.

It had rained nearly all day and was still raining, and although we were loath to sleep outdoors or in the automobile, we at first saw no possibility of finding lodgings elsewhere. Captain Parker and I left the machine and started to reconnoitre through the side streets. The rain, the low-hanging clouds, and the high walls of the houses, all combined to make the bottom of the deep narrow streets blacker than any blackness I have ever experienced. The darkness was so dense that it seemed to have body and solidity, and one walked as if totally blind. The streets were alive with invisible soldiers, whom one heard breathing in the damp darkness and with whom one continually collided. High above the roofs of the houses a distant glow was reflected upon the falling rain by fires where they were burning the dead.

Few of the inhabitants had yet returned to the town and we were unable to find anyone who could tell us where to locate the Mayor. All the

houses were tightly shuttered and nearly all were empty, though occasionally a faint suggestion of light showed through the crack under the door. When we beat a summons on such an entrance we never gained anything more satisfactory in the way of a response than a gruff and muffled statement that "la maison est déjà toute pleine de soldats." We persevered, however, and our efforts were finally rewarded, for we at last met an old woman to whom we could explain our dilemma. She seemed interested in our plight and, pointing to a man who was approaching and whom we discerned by the faint light of a dingy lantern which he was carrying, said: "Voila mon patron. Je lui expliquerai ce que c'est!" A whispered conversation followed, and then we were introduced to M. Achille Guyot, one of the leading citizens of the town, a champagne manufacturer of prominence and a man who proved to be a splendid example of French fortitude and chivalry.

In the darkness we groped for each other's hands, and M. Guyot, with the greatest politeness, said that he would be charmed to have us sleep beneath his roof. He apologized because he had little but the roof to offer since "Les Allemands

ont tout bouleversé." He suggested hesitatingly that we should also sup with him before retiring, and again apologized, saying: "Les Allemands ont tout pris." We remarked that we possessed a great many potatoes and would gladly contribute them to increase the bulk of the repast. This greatly relieved his mind, as he confessed that he had almost nothing to offer, but since we had so many potatoes they would be gratefully accepted.

We followed him to his residence, which proved to be a very large mansion with a great garden in front and a larger one behind. As we entered the house the rays of the lantern revealed a most extraordinary sight. All the villagers who had remained in town agreed that this house had been occupied by German officers and that in leaving they had carried out much loot. The Teuton taste has been chiefly for enamels and lingerie. The interior of the house looked more like a pig-sty than a human dwelling. The Germans had broken all locks and emptied the contents of all bureaus, closets, and desks upon the floor, the more easily to pick and choose what they wanted. The floors were covered ankle-deep in the resulting litter which was composed of everything from lace

to daguerreotypes, from bric-à-brac to hosiery. The relics and treasures of past generations of the owner's family carpeted the house, until each room seemed in a worse state than the last, and the whole was altogether a most superlative mess. M. Guyot had shoveled paths through the different rooms as one shovels through several inches of newly fallen snow.

We stood in amazement that anyone could so completely have turned upside down an orderly house. As an example of absolute disorder, the dining-room was a veritable work of art. The German orderlies had evidently prepared and served four or five meals to their officers. Each time they had set the table with fine linen and old china and then as soon as the repast was over had taken up the tablecloth by its edges and corners and had thrown it with the china, bottles, linen, tableware, dirty dishes, and remnants of food, into a corner of the room. At each succeeding meal the process had been repeated with a new setting of china and fresh linen from the nearly inexhaustible supplies with which the house was furnished. This was housekeeping reduced by German "efficiency" to its simplest terms. The

same "efficiency" had been employed in the kitchen where each meal had been prepared with a fresh set of cooking utensils which, after use, had been piled up under the tables and sinks, together with such débris as potato peels and coffee grounds. Perhaps a good housekeeper would have been most disgusted by the condition of the kitchen; to me the dining-room, where the post-mortems of meals were added to the results of pillaging, seemed the more shocking.

The house contained a dozen large bedrooms and all the beds had been slept in by Germans, some of whom had not taken pains to remove their boots. M. Guyot told us we might sleep where we chose and showed us where the fresh linen was kept, apologizing for the fact that we would be obliged to make up our own beds.

He introduced us to three French aviators who were already quartered in the house and who came in as we were preparing to depart for supper. They were Captain B——, Chevalier de la Legion, Lieutenant the Vicomte de B——, and their orderly. The officers immediately took possession of the lantern and conducted us out into the gardens to behold the piles of broken bottles which the Ger-

mans had strewn about. They informed us that these were some of the remains of fifteen thousand bottles of champagne which had been taken by the invaders from the warehouse cellars of our host alone. M. Guyot had not volunteered this information, but now confirmed that fact and added with simplicity that his champagne business and the prosperity of his house would be much curtailed for some time to come.

Our host's residence was in such disorder that he suggested that the supper table should be laid at the house of one of his employees who lived near-by in the village, and we all started together through the darkness, taking stock of our provisions as we walked. The French officers had tea and two loaves of bread which they had obtained from the Commissariat; M. Guyot, in the expectation of having guests, had managed to amass three pigeons, five eggs, and several tomatoes, and we Americans excavated such endless quarts of potatoes from our automobile that the Frenchmen amidst roars of laughter had cried "Assez! Assez!"

Our host and his friends decided that the repast should be called a dinner and should be given in

honor of the new France and of the glorious victory just won, the first to rest upon the French arms in more than sixty years. What more fitting, they asked, than that we neutrals should witness this celebration? The Vicomte de B—— busied himself with reciting the menu: entrée, omelette parmentier; game, pigeon rôti; plat de résistance—pommes de terre Marseillaise; Salade, tomate—not to speak of toast and tea. M. Guyot hinted darkly and mysteriously that he would attend to the wine list; we should have laughed at this had we not realized that a wine merchant who has lost his entire store of wine is not a fit subject for jest.

When we took our places at dinner, our host sat at one end of the table and Colonel Allen at the other. The former then explained that a little cellar where he kept his most precious wines had been undiscovered by the invaders and that the wine list would include the precious champagne of '93 and a very old Bordeaux. His aged employee, who had served the meal, then entered amid loud acclamations, her arms full of bottles, and we drank to "La France" in Bordeaux of the color of a ruby.

The table was set with wooden-handled knives and forks, as no others remained, and was lighted by candles set in bottles and broken candlesticks; no gas, electricity, or kerosene having survived the invasion. The French aviators had in their possession five spiked helmets which they had taken as trophies from the heads of dead Germans. It was suggested that since all ordinary means of lighting had been destroyed by these same Germans, their casques might fittingly be used as candlesticks, and each bear a taper upon its point. This suggestion was about to be put into effect when M. Guyot, whose business had been so recently ruined and whose house had been ruthlessly pillaged by these invaders, quietly made objection and said that it was not fitting or proper that the headgear of fallen soldiers should be used as candelabra.

Monday, September 14th. One's respect and affection for horses is greatly increased after seeing them in war. They are there so essentially necessary. They share so patiently and faithfully on almost equal terms the good and ill fortune of the men; they work with their

masters, go into battle with them, and the two die side by side, killed by the same shell. It is a stirring example of unity to see men and horses straining and striving and pulling together to get a gun out of difficulties. The horses do not understand what it is all about and going to war was not of their choice, but the same things may usually be said of the men beside whom they live and die.

The feeling which the French soldiers on the firing-line have for the Germans is very different from the bitterness one finds in the civilian population of France. We have heard more than one French soldier say in a voice tinged with admiration, "Ah, ce sont de bons soldats!" At the front and in the trenches one gets down to basic principles and realizes that "the other man" is a fellow human being and not something with horns and a forked tail. The French soldier is grimly determined to go through the war to the bitter end and to accept nothing short of a complete victory, but at the same time he realizes that this mutual slaughter is indeed a sorry business. I shall never forget the face of a serious French Territorial soldier of forty with whom I spoke today. He

was one of a burying squad on the scene of the charge of the African brigade near Soizy-aux-Bois. Nine hundred dead were being buried in one big trench and as I came to inspect it, my Territorial and a comrade were about to pick up a dead German who lay face down in a muddy field, with arms outstretched. A hundred others lay close about us. I offered the Territorial cigarettes and, as he took one, he indicated the field about us with a sweep of his arm and said sadly: "If Guillaume could have foreseen all this, do you think that he, one man, would have begun this war?" And he looked down with an expression full of sorrow and brotherly compassion at the dead German who lay at his feet.

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In the four days of our trip we have had innumerable punctures and six blow-outs, in consequence of which we were finally forced to return to Paris today. The Germans raided all the wine cellars throughout this whole region and when they retreated left broken bottles along all the streets and roads.

CHAPTER V

ANALYSIS OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Monday, September 14th. The equipment of the German soldier is in every detail a marvel of perfection. This impresses me more than any other single element of the war excepting only the bravery of the French, and the imperturbable *sang froid* of the English. A striking example of this perfection is the spiked helmet. Contrary to appearance, it is not heavy, weighing indeed scarcely more than a derby hat. Everyone who picks one up for the first time exclaims in astonishment, "How light it is!" These helmets are made of lacquered leather, are nearly indestructible, shed water perfectly, and give excellent ventilation to the head by means of a clever arrangement of holes under the flange of the spike. They also shield the eyes and the back of the head from the sun, and are strong enough to break a heavy blow.

The German uniforms are of a light gray with

a slight green tinge, and are virtually invisible against the greenish mist-gray fields of Europe, excepting only when the sun is behind to project a deep shadow.

The German bayonet is a formidable weapon with a heavy double-edged blade twenty inches long. Both edges are extremely sharp. I easily sharpened pencils with one which I picked up.

The German knapsacks are made of cowhide with the hair left on, the grain of the hair pointing downward to shed rain. The hair may get wet, but the leather seldom and the contents never.

The German military boot comes half-way up the calf of the leg and the trouser is tucked into its top. They are without laces and pull on to the foot like the American "rubber boot." They are made of heavy, undyed leather; singularly soft and pliable, and thoroughly waterproof. The soles are shod with hobnails, but the boot is not very heavy. We often noted dead Germans who were bootless, their footgear having been appropriated by some victorious Frenchman, who had left near-by his own less desirable shoes.

The three-compartment wicker shell-containers in which field-gun shells are carried from caisson

to gun are as carefully and neatly made as an expensive tea-basket. We saw thousands of them lying about the battlefields and carefully examined scores, sliding shells in and out of them as a test. Invariably we found that the shells went in and out smoothly and without effort, and yet always fitted snugly. There was never either the slightest friction or the least loose-play. This nicety meant that the variation in an interior diameter of three inches was certainly less than one thirty-second of an inch. Wicker-work constructed with such unvarying accuracy is truly marvelous.

Paris, Tuesday, September 15th. Back in Paris, we are trying to piece bits of evidence together into a clear picture and to draw sound conclusions from what we have seen. We do not yet know what the battle which we have studied will be named, but we ourselves call it the Battle of Fère Champenoise. This is, however, an unsatisfactory title, as it is too cumbersome and not comprehensive enough, for Fère Champenoise was only the most intense and critical point in a series of actions extending from Chantilly to Verdun, over a varied and winding front of about one hundred

"THE WOODS WERE DOTTED WITH THE BODIES OF THE DEAD."

and ninety miles. We have no means of knowing how far the Germans have been driven back, but they are across the Aisne and other Attachés tell us that frightful fighting is going on at Soissons where the pursuing Allies are attempting to throw large forces across the river. On our way home yesterday, moreover, we ourselves heard much shooting in the direction of Rheims.

My personal conclusions about the battle are based upon a thousand bits of information carefully pieced together into a mosaic. First of all we ourselves examined the territory included between the Marne, the Seine, and a line from Méry-sur-Seine through Arcis to Vitry-le-François, and made certain digressions across the Marne to the northeast of Paris. We examined the battle-fields while they were comparatively fresh, and supplemented our observations by innumerable conversations with the French troops and civilians, and with German prisoners. At the Embassy we obtained from other Attachés many bits of reliable information about the fighting directly north of Paris and about the rearguard actions between the Marne and the Aisne.

Up to the time of this battle the German plan

of campaign had worked out almost perfectly. The Franco-German border is due east of Paris, and the French mobilization took place there behind the fortresses of Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and Belfort.

The Belgian frontier is north of Paris and the unexpected and treacherous advance of the German armies through that neutral country brought them immediately behind the French line of mobilization. The violation of Belgium permitted the Germans to advance into France before the Allies could reorganize into an effective resistance against this unexpected attack. It is to be remembered that a mobilization which it has taken years to plan out and which involves millions of men and their equipment cannot be changed at a moment's notice. Had the Germans attacked across the Franco-German border, they would have found the French army awaiting them behind the fortresses of Verdun, Toul, and Epinal, and it is almost certain that they would never have arrived within two hundred marching miles of Paris. No one knew this better than the German General Staff.

Had it not been for the unexpected and heroic

resistance of Belgium, and the masterly retreat of the small British army, Germany's foul blow might have resulted in the capture of Paris toward the end of August. These two things, combined with a desperate retarding action executed along the Aisne by several French corps, delayed the Germans long enough to enable General Joffre to organize and fight a single battle upon which everything was staked. To lose it would have meant utter ruin, for France has faced no such crisis since Charles Martel repelled the Saracens at Tours in 732. To win would mean that the Teutons' blow-below-the-belt had been survived and that a recommencement of the war upon something like even terms would be possible.

In preparing for the battle the French placed powerful forces in the great fortress of Verdun, and also in and around the entrenched camp of Paris. Their field army extended between the two from Paris through La Ferté, Esternay, Sézanne, and Sommesous to Vitry-le-François, and from thence bent northeastward to Verdun. Thus their two flanks were strong and menacing and their center, about one hundred and eighty miles in length, bent southward and was slightly concave.

It is evident that in this battle the Germans could gain nothing by making their main attack against Paris or Verdun, but that if they could rout the field army between the two, they might as an aftermath sweep round behind each city and attack it from all sides, using for the purpose the heavy artillery which had under similar circumstances and with such celerity battered down Liège, Namur, Longwy, and Maubeuge. Therefore, the logical thing was for the Germans to attempt to break the French center. This operation was somewhat hazardous as there was danger that the French might launch a powerful flank attack from either Verdun or Paris. To attack the center was, in effect, something like thrusting a dagger into a lion's mouth in the effort to cut his throat. It was necessary to hold back the jaws Verdun and Paris, whilst attacking the vulnerable throat at Fère Champenoise.

To accomplish this, Verdun was kept so busy by violent attacks made upon three sides that its army had no time to think of any offensive movement. The German defense against the French right thus in reality took the form of an active attack, a feasible method because Verdun is near the Franco-German frontier, being in fact

less than forty miles from the German fortress and mobilization center of Metz.

To protect their right from any flank attacks which might be hurled against it from Paris, the Germans placed a strong army under von Kluck in front of that city to hold the French left in check, as a boxer in a clinch holds back his opponent's left arm. Von Kluck fought his way to a position approximately defined by a line through Creil, Senlis, Nanteuil-le-Haudouin, and Lizy-sur-Ourg. His cavalry advanced even to Chantilly and Crécy. His army was not intended to have any part in the main German offensive, its sole duty being to protect the German right from any attack in flank which might be prepared and launched from the entrenched camp of Paris. Von Kluck was not to attack Paris, but to protect the Germans from Paris, and this he successfully did.

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the German retreat to Soissons and Rheims was precipitated by any victory over von Kluck. A violent and heavy attack was, it is true, launched against him on or about the evening of September 6th and was steadily maintained from that time

forward. At first he was pushed back for a number of miles by the violence of this assault, but his counter attacks soon regained most of the ground lost. Thus he advanced on the 5th, was pushed back a little on the 7th, but advanced again on the 8th, driving the Allies before him. On the 9th his left flank was threatened by the British and he again retreated a little to consolidate his position. While so doing he received news that the German army assigned to carry out the main offensive in the neighborhood of Fère Champenoise had been repulsed and was already beginning the retreat which later at many points turned into a rout, and he then continued his own retreat until he reached the Aisne.

Von Kluck advanced or retreated short distances as the fortunes of the battle varied, but on the whole successfully maintained his ground and only retreated for good when the Germans' principal attack had thus been defeated at another and distant point. After the 6th he was at all times heavily engaged and his losses and those of his opponents were excessively heavy.

Since the battle of the Marne there has been an almost universal tendency to declare that von

Kluck was defeated and that Paris was thereby saved. This verdict, though erroneous, is easily explained. Von Kluck was nearest Paris, "everyone" was in Paris, and in an action extending over hundreds of miles "everyone" saw only what was nearest to him and drew his conclusions from that alone. The losses in von Kluck's army and in the armies opposed to it were so heavy that it is small wonder people concluded that they waged the main battle. In truth, these losses were probably heavier than those of any previous battle since ancient times. I wish to emphasize again that von Kluck did not attack Paris and had no intention of so doing, but that Paris attacked him and that he held this attack in check until it was no longer necessary to do so, since the German strategy had failed at other points.

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Let us now consider the main German offensive and its repulse. The French center had taken a position on a plateau of rolling hills in many places covered with pine forests, while several large swamps lay in front of them. This country was for several weeks defended by Napoleon in his despairing campaign of 1814. He had

appreciated its strategic value and somewhat developed its defensive possibilities. In recent years the French had often held manœuvres in this area and had a permanent manœuvre camp at Mailly, which was actually within the battlefield of Fère Champenoise.

The German troops which were to make the great offensive movement against the French center crossed the Marne in the section from Epernay to Chalons without serious opposition. Their main attack was launched against the Ninth Army of the French under General Foch along a front of about fifteen miles, and probably close to a quarter of a million Teutons were engaged. We saw dead Germans belonging to the 10th, 12th, 19th, 10th Reserve, and a Guard Corps.

The first contact took place at Fère Champenoise at three o'clock on the morning of the 8th, when heavy forces advancing through the night along the roads from Vertus and Chalons fell upon the French who were encamped in the town and drove them out. The Germans continued victorious throughout the day of the 8th, driving the stubbornly resisting French back from the line through Sommesous, Fère Champenoise, and

Sézanne until, when the battle lulled late at night after eighteen hours of combat, the French held a line through the villages of Mailly, Gourgançon, Corroy, and Linthelles.

The fighting was very fierce, and terrible losses were sustained by both sides as the possession of every foot of territory was hotly contested. The French showed steadiness, determination, and efficiency under the most trying conditions and under the most violent and overwhelming attacks. We saw few signs or indications of any disorder or weakness on their part. The Germans experienced particularly heavy losses in driving the French from positions near the villages of Oeuvy and Montépreux, while the French suffered most heavily in the neighborhoods of Gourgançon and Corroy. Very little entrenching was done by either side, as both armies were constantly shifting, and the few trenches which were constructed had evidently been hurriedly built at night.

On the 9th the Germans began the day with further successes and apparently had forced a marked French retreat. At noon they considered the battle as good as won. They had, however, apparently had no time to entrench or to con-

solidate their forces, when, early in the afternoon, General Foch suddenly ordered an attack by all his forces. For six weeks the French had labored through a losing campaign and had just fought through thirty-six hours of steady defeat, and yet they turned about on the instant and attacked the astonished Germans with a dash which could not have been surpassed by the troops of the First Empire at the height of a victory. They would not be denied, but attacked and attacked until the Germans were overwhelmed. We saw fields where charging battalions had apparently been put out of action up to the last man without deterring that last man from advancing. By evening the French had retaken all the ground which they had lost in the previous thirty-six hours, and on the morning of the 10th their offensive was resumed with unabated fury and unfaltering self-sacrifice. No number of casualties could stop them and in places the retreat of the Germans became a rout. They left their wounded upon the battlefields and abandoned their hospitals, caissons, and supplies. Especially furious rearguard actions were fought in the neighborhood of Pierre-Morains and Coizard and at Mondement.

On the night of the 10th the German army pulled itself together, and on the 11th, under the protection of magnificently executed rearguard actions which held up the determined pursuit of the French, retreated in good order to the Marne and across it. On the 12th they reached the Aisne and have since been endeavoring to make a stand on the farther side of Rheims.

The most conservative French officers with whom we talked estimated that the total casualties of both sides in the fighting near Fère Champenoise amounted to at least one hundred and fifty thousand. Some thought it was as high as two hundred thousand, and I am inclined to this latter figure. Perhaps we saw the field in its entirety more thoroughly than did they. Certainly they were busy with many other affairs, whereas we had nothing other to do than study and estimate.

Had the German attack succeeded in breaking the French center, the French army would have been cut in two and both remnants would have been compelled to retreat in order to save themselves from ruinous flank attacks. In retreating they would have been obliged to leave Verdun and

Paris each to take care of itself, and the German armies could have swung about to surround and lay siege to either or both of them.

As far as we could observe, the German attack at Fère Champenoise had been unsupported by any heavy artillery. This was probably a contributing cause of their defeat, as was also their arrogant over-confidence in themselves and their under-estimation of their enemy. The French won the battle because their field artillery was superior and because, man for man, they outfought the Germans. Having staked the fate of their families and of their beloved *patrie* upon a single throw, the French gained one of the most desperate battles in the world's history by the coolness and dogged determination of their chiefs and by the sublime tenacity and self-sacrifice of their soldiers. These outdid the best traditions of their race. At command they threw their lives away as a man throws away a trifle, and to meet new conditions they developed new qualities with which they have not previously been credited, qualities of stubborn scientific stolidity. They out-Germaned the Germans in the way their organization withstood the shock and wrack

of battle. It was the German machine which broke down first. On that field a new France was born. Let no German ever again say that she is effete. It was purely a French victory. This is no aspersion upon the Belgians and the British; the slight part which they played in this battle is explained by their small numbers. At Liège and Namur, at Mons and St. Quentin they helped win for France a fighting chance behind the Marne. All hail to them for that!

During our trip we found no evidence of German acts deserving to be called "atrocities." The word "atrocity" has been so carelessly used that it will be useful to re-define what that word means in relation to war. It should be limited to instances where unnecessary violence is used toward the enemy's soldiers and civilians. It has a meaning distinct from the inevitable destruction and vandalism which seem to be necessary integral parts of all wars. The burning and destroying of buildings by shell-fire or for reasons of military expediency and the confiscation of food supplies for military purposes are allowed by all rules of war. The use of the word "atrocity" should be limited to such acts as the killing of prisoners, the

mutilation of civilians, and the violation of women. Of such deeds we personally found no instance, although we carefully cross-questioned the inhabitants of many towns which had been occupied by Germans.

Food and wine had been pretty generally confiscated, a thing to be expected; also we found several instances of pillaging in which especially desirable articles had been carried off. Wanton breakage was rare and not extensive, and in most cases appeared to have been more mischievous than malicious. It was probably due to a somewhat too liberal use of pillaged wine. In general, the worst charges against the Germans in France were that they had been exceedingly rude and boorish. There were, however, some instances which came to my notice where German officers had shown consideration for the civilians, had politely apologized for their unwelcome but "necessary" intrusion into French families, and had carefully paid for their board and lodging. We talked with several French surgeons who were captured early in the war and had since, according to The Hague rules, been returned to France. These all acknowledged the consideration and

good care which their captured wounded had received from the Germans.

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When the Germans were retreating northward towards Rheims after their defeat in the Battle of the Marne, notices (about twenty by thirty inches) printed on green paper were posted in the streets of the city, of which the following is a literal translation:

"PROCLAMATION.

"In case a combat should take place today or in the immediate future in the environs of Rheims or within the city itself, the inhabitants are forewarned that they must remain absolutely inactive and must not attempt in any way to take part in the battle. They must not attempt to attack either isolated German soldiers or detachments of the German army. It is hereby officially forbidden to construct barricades, or to tear up the streets in such a manner as to hamper the movements of our troops. In a word, it is forbidden to undertake any act whatsoever which might be in any manner a hindrance to the German army.

"In order thoroughly to insure the security of

the German troops and to act as sureties for the inactivity of the population of Rheims, the personages named below have been seized as hostages by the General commanding the German army. At the least sign of disorder these hostages will be hanged. Also the city will be entirely or partly burned and its inhabitants hanged if any infractions whatsoever of the above orders are committed.

"On the other hand, if the city remains absolutely quiet, the hostages and inhabitants will be protected by the German army.

"By order of the German Authorities,

"The Mayor, Dr. LAUGHT.

"Rheims, September 12, 1914."

Below was appended a list of names and addresses of ninety-one leading citizens, officials, and ecclesiastics, and, as if that were not enough, this list was finished by the words "and others."

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Paris, Thursday, September 17th. During my absence at the Battle of the Marne last week, the powers-that-be at the Embassy decided that I was too much needed in Paris for the German-Austrian affairs to be allowed to go to the front again.

THE CHÂTEAU OF MONDEMONT

Therefore, when another expedition departed today, I was not permitted to be one of the party.

On our trip I took rough field notes during the daytime and sat up at night into the early morning hours in order to expand these jottings into an accurate and comprehensive diary. I am now arranging this material into a report to be forwarded to Washington.

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The whole "deuxième étage" of the *Chancellerie* is now given over to the Austrian, German, and Hungarian affairs. The arrangement of rooms is the same as in the American *Chancellerie* on the floor below. Mr. Percival Dodge, ex-first-assistant Secretary of State, is now head of the department and occupies the room over Ambassador Herrick. I have the room over the First Secretary, and Mr. Hazeltine the room over the Second Secretary. Lieutenant Donait is to be chief of the office staff, which consists of three stenographers and two messengers. We have, in addition, three personal stenographers. This arrangement will be a great improvement, as our rooms on the ground floor were much too cramped for the volume of business.

Monday, September 21st. The immense amount of effective work accomplished under Mr. Herrick would have been impossible had he not been so ably supported by the two Secretaries of the Embassy, Mr. Bliss and Mr. Frazier, past-masters of the intricate technique of their profession. In the emergency of the war crisis the usefulness of the numerous subordinate members of the Embassy staff absolutely depended upon the skill and patience with which these two Secretaries trained them for the work of the various departments to which they were assigned, and prevented any divergence from correct diplomatic methods. It is most fortunate that our foolish American habit of replacing Ambassadors whenever some one else has a stronger political "pull" does not extend to our first and second secretaries.

Five of the younger men of the Embassy have formed a little luncheon club for the purpose of exchanging news and discussing and studying the military situation. They are Lieut. Boyd of the Cavalry, Lieut. Hunnicutt of the Artillery, Harry Dodge, the Ambassador's private Secretary, Lieut. Donait of the Infantry and Ordnance Departments, and myself. We meet each noon at a little

pension near the Embassy and there we argue and debate for an hour or more. These daily conferences give us a much better comprehension of the war as a whole and a more exact knowledge of its important details. We have all been more or less at the front and usually some one of us has just returned with first-hand data as to what is going on at the moment. Whenever any outsider is discovered who has recent war news of value, we invite him to luncheon and proceed to cross-question him in general and in particular.

Wednesday, September 23d. A little sadly I took supper this evening at the Café du Commerce where the members of the atelier used to meet in the days of student life. As I was eating, who should walk in and sit down beside me but my friend Daumal, *sous-massier* of the atelier when war broke out, whom I had not seen since he departed for the front as a private.

He is now Sergeant Daumal of the First Line Regiment, wounded at Longwy and just out of the hospital, homeward bound on a two weeks' convalescent leave. As he described it, "une de ces

marmites à 28-centimètres" had exploded a little distance from him. Although he had not been struck by any fragments, the shock had rendered him so thoroughly unconscious that for a day he had been passed over by the ambulance orderlies as dead and had finally been discovered by a burying squad to be not in need of a grave but of a hospital.

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The bombardment of Rheims Cathedral has stirred France to indignation, but apparently not nearly as much as it has stirred the outside world. The capacity of the French for being "stirred to indignation" has lost some of its elasticity by this time. It is an action so vivid, so net, so concise, that it turns the sympathies of neutrals more than a thousand "routine" accounts of burnings and killings. *They bombarded Rheims Cathedral!* These four words need no elaboration. I myself find it difficult to keep that neutral equilibrium which is necessary in an Attaché who wishes to observe as much and as correctly as possible. Whitney Warren, the architect, and several Attachés are to be sent to Rheims in a day or two to make an investigation.

Sunday, September 27th. I examine indigent Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians every morning, and during the afternoon take special cases to the police, and write up accounts.

Today Paris had another visit from a German aëroplane which threw the usual three bombs. One of them fell in the Avenue du Trocadéro near the Embassy. It just missed demolishing the Ambassador and Mr. Frazier who were in an automobile on their way to inspect the buildings and grounds of the German Embassy. They had driven over the spot only two minutes before the bomb struck. I was at the same time on my way to the Embassy, having met them near the Pont d'Alma. I passed along the avenue a minute later and had just turned the corner when the bomb fell, killing an old man and tearing a leg off a little girl. The day was very cloudy and the aviator was above the clouds; for this reason no one seems to have discovered him and he must have thrown his bomb at random.

Monday, September 28th. At lunch to-day in the Café Royal I overheard a Frenchman remark that although he and all his compatriots

greatly esteemed Mr. Herrick, it would nevertheless have been an excellent service against the enemy had he tactfully allowed himself to be annihilated by the German bomb which missed him yesterday. Later in the afternoon I took tea with Mr. Herrick at the *Chancellerie*, and he was much amused when I recounted to him this example of a somewhat equivocal good-will.

Tuesday, September 29th. The damage to Rheims Cathedral was largely the result of fire. The Germans had, during the time they held the city, converted it into a hospital; they had stacked the chairs against the walls and covered the floor deep with straw upon which to lay their wounded. During the spring and summer the front façade had been undergoing repairs and was covered with heavy wooden scaffolding similar to that which has for several years disfigured St. Sulpice in Paris. The Cathedral was very famous for its choir-stalls and other wood-carving, of which there was a great quantity, and the roof which covered the vaulting was held up by a forest of great timbers many centuries old.

After the Germans had been driven out of the city they bombarded it from the hills outside, and their shells lit the straw on the Cathedral floor. Over it the fire ran swiftly, ignited the chairs piled against the walls, and then spread to the great masses of carved woodwork; finally the scaffolding and roof caught fire and the famous old Cathedral burned in one great conflagration. It has been particularly famous for three things: its woodwork, its front façade, and its stained-glass windows. The woodwork went up in smoke, the front façade was all scorched and disintegrated by the intense heat so that the surface of the stone detail is blowing off in fine dust, while the glass to the last particle was shattered by the concussions of bursting shells. The Cathedral stands like a great skeleton of its former self. Its flesh, as it were, is gone although few of its bones are broken.

Saturday, October 3d. This is the first war in modern times in which whole nations have gone to battle; in this conflict every man in a nation is a soldier. In Napoleon's day France had about the same population—forty millions—

that she now has, but Napoleon's professional armies numbered, at most, only two hundred thousand men, while today France has put fifteen or twenty times as many in the field. In the present war, when an army sustains a 10 per cent. loss it is not merely 10 per cent. of the army, but actually of the able-bodied men of the nation.

Wednesday, October 7th. A German aëroplane again threw bombs on Paris today.

Thursday, October 8th. Another Taube came today and threw bombs in the neighborhood of the Gare du Nord. These machines in flight look very much like sparrow-hawks and have a singularly sinister appearance.

Sunday, October 11th. We had a record-breaking flock of Taubes today when a number came together and dropped about twenty bombs. Their combined score was twenty-two people killed and wounded; as usual, all women, children, and old men.

CHAPTER VI

THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE

Paris, Monday, October 12th. In writing about the German, Austrian, and Hungarian subjects of whom we have had charge, I have spoken of them *en masse.* In reality there have been many cases in whom I have been personally interested and to whose safety I have given much time. Their history alone would fill a book. One of these is the case of the Countess X., member of an old and powerful Hungarian family.

The Count, her husband, was desperately ill in Paris when the war broke out and he was kept alive only through the devoted care of his wife. We arranged with the French authorities that the Countess might remain in Paris with her husband, although all other Hungarian people were, without exception, being shipped off to detention camps. Later the Countess twice received notice from the Prefecture that she was to be immediately im-

prisoned, and each time by enlisting the personal assistance of Ambassador Herrick I managed to have the decree delayed.

The children of the family, of whom there were seven under ten years of age, were living at a château on the French coast, at Paris-Plage, near Boulogne. When the German army began to sweep towards the coast in a seemingly irresistible flood, the Countess came to me to say how fearful she felt for the safety of her children, left in the care of servants and governesses. Yesterday, when the fall of Antwerp was confirmed and when even the official announcements went so far as to talk of fighting in the neighborhood of Arras, she came again. I went to Mr. Herrick and asked if I might be allowed to go to the coast and bring the children back to Paris. The permission was the more readily granted because there were several other errands to be done in the same direction, notably to carry communications to our Consular Agent in Amiens, who had remained in that city during the German occupation and from whom little had since been heard.

The necessary permits have been obtained and these will incidentally allow me to see something

of the front on my way north. I expect to leave this evening.

Two machines will be needed to bring back the children and their attendants. There are several young Americans who have given their services and the use of their private automobiles for Embassy service. On all previous expeditions I have been conducted by Melvin Hall. He is at present assigned to other business, but I have secured the services of another volunteer chauffeur, Francis Colby. I shall travel in his touring-car and bring back in it the older children and their English governess. The second machine, a large limousine, will be driven by the French chauffeur of Countess X., and into it I shall pack the smaller children and their two nurses.

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The condition of the front along which we must pass for eighty miles is as follows: the battle of the Aisne has now turned into a race for the coast; each army is trying to outflank the other, the Germans, according to present indications, getting much the better of the contest. Everyone's attention seems to be concentrated for the moment on Calais, and the Allies evidently feel that the

chief danger point is there. I notice with special concern, however, that farther south the German army is at Bethune thrusting out a wedge toward Abbeville, on the coast, only thirty-eight miles away. If they can advance these thirty-eight miles they will win not only all the triangle containing Nieuport, Calais, and Boulogne, but will cut off such of the Allied armies as are now concentrated in this area, and also radically shorten their own lines. Their front, as it now extends from Compiègne to Holland, measures nearly two hundred miles. If reorganized from Compiègne to the coast at Abbeville, it would be less than sixty-five miles. Of course the Allies fully appreciate this danger and are guarding against it as best they can, but I agree with Countess X. that the sooner we snatch her children out of the threatened area the better.

At the Front, Tuesday, October 13th. We left Paris last evening at half-past six and at first made only slow progress owing to heavy traffic, worn-out roads, and destroyed bridges. We stopped for supper in poor, wrecked Senlis. This town is no farther from the gates of Paris than

Van Cortlandt Park in New York is from the Battery, and yet the German armies were in Senlis in September, battles raged in its streets, shells burst in its houses and destroyed whole blocks. Indeed, one of the fiercest fights of the war took place at night in its streets when, during the attack made by the garrison of Paris upon von Kluck's army, troops were hurriedly rushed out of Paris in trams, wagons, and taxicabs to fall pell-mell upon the Germans who occupied Senlis. French colonial infantry played a large part in this conflict. A weird and awful sight it must have been: taxicabs and automobiles from Paris charging up the streets vomiting bullets in all directions, houses catching fire from the bursting shells, and by the light of their flames the men of both armies fighting hand to hand, chasing one another through the doors and windows of burning and collapsing houses, or making desperate stands behind dead horses, street-barricades, or wrecked taxicabs. It is said that in every such mêlée Turcos were to be seen exulting in their favorite sport, close-range fighting.

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After supper we passed through Fleurines, Pont Ste. Maxence, and Blincourt to Estrées-St. Denis, where we spent the night. Along this road had recently passed a great German army, and their engineers had constructed new roads to the right and left of the original one, so that their regiments had been able to march steadily three abreast, probably no small factor in their successful retreat.

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This morning we got under way at half-past six. The day was hazy, threatening rain; mists rising from the ground made it impossible to see clearly for any great distance. The heavy atmosphere muffled the sound of guns so that it was difficult to judge their location even when we were fairly close upon them. The day was, however, a most advantageous one on which to move about near the front, provided one were careful to ascertain where, off in the mist, the enemy's batteries lay.

We first reached the front at Roye-sur-Matz, which we found was occupied by a French colonial brigade. This place is about three miles from Lassigny, which is far within the German lines, and from which they have recently organized heavy attacks against the French forces. In

Roye-sur-Matz the German shells were bursting, punctuated by the muffled slump of falling walls. The place had been deserted by its inhabitants, but Turcos and black Senegalese wandered about the ruined streets indifferent to the shell fire. For a week past there has been heavy fighting in the vicinity of Roye and Lassigny, probably the heaviest that has taken place in the Battle of the Aisne since the latter part of September. We drove slowly down the main street of the village looking for an officer who could tell us about the local geography. We finally met the acting brigadier, a French colonel, who informed us that it was not safe for us to continue more than a block farther in the direction in which we were going, as the far end of the village was "between the lines" and we would there come under the observation of the German sharpshooters. This officer said that the best way to follow the battle-line would be to turn back through the village and take the first road to the right.

We stayed in the village for half an hour longer, and then, faithfully following directions, went back and took the "first turn to the right," which proved to be a narrow road whose existence the

officer had forgotten and which was not at all the one he meant to recommend. We, ignorant of any mistake, went blindly on, down a little hill, across a small brook, and up a knoll opposite. In doing so we had actually passed out through the French lines and reached an elevation squarely between the two armies. The French positions were, as usual, concealed, and for the moment they were not firing, so that we remained blissfully unconscious of our dangerous position. Fortunately for us, the German lines were at this point half a mile away from the French, and owing to the mist and distance we were apparently unobserved, since we received no especial attention. As we reached the top of the knoll it began to rain, making us still less conspicuous and forcing us to stop and put up the top. We pulled up behind an isolated barn in order to be somewhat sheltered from stray shrapnel.

As we stood behind the barn, the bombarded village which we had just left lay below and behind us, and in front featureless fields sloped away toward some low wooded hills half a mile distant. Suddenly the constant rumbling of guns was interrupted by four quick, sharp explosions,

and we perceived little wisps of smoke bluer than the mist trailing up through the tree tops of these hills. These explosions were French shells bursting over the German trenches, but we, naturally supposing ourselves to be within the French lines, at the moment thought it was a French battery firing a salvo.

While we were putting up the top, two French soldiers on picket duty came by and, lured by the unfailing bait of cigarettes, stopped to talk to us. Taking it for granted that we knew where we were, they did not mention our being between the lines, but told us of a great fight which had last Sunday taken place about two miles to the right of where we stood. They said that the German and French trenches there faced one another across a low field and were so near together that at night the French could hear the Germans singing. Some peculiarity in the contour of the land had led the enemy to think that here was a promising point to break through the French lines; consequently a series of violent attacks had been launched from Lassigny against this position. These attacks had repeatedly been repulsed with heavy losses and thousands of dead

Germans lay in the field between the two sets of trenches.

I decided to ask permission to go over this recently contested area, and therefore turned back to Brigade headquarters in the village of Roye-sur-Matz, which we had just left. There, in a second talk with the officer who had previously directed us, I learned for the first time that we had taken the wrong road and been for a considerable time between the French and German armies, and only a few hundred yards from the German trenches. That we had there seen no signs of armies, guns, or entrenchments, indicates the curious characteristics of modern warfare, and the invisibility of all combatants even when actively engaged. The permission which I had desired to obtain to inspect the ground of the recent battle was refused as being too dangerous.

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We later passed through the village of Guerbigny. Here, as at all times during our trip, the guns could be heard booming in the distance. At the farther end of the place a family of peasants, led by the grandfather, were packing their humble worldly goods into a big cart to which was hitched

an exceedingly old white horse. They were very sad and explained simply, "C'est dur de partir." They pointed across a field to a little church tower about a mile away, only dimly visible through the haze, which still hung low over the landscape, saying pathetically: "On bombarde ce hameau; c'est là les avant-postes des Français." Our maps showed that the church tower was in the village of Erches. A straight road ran down to it from where we stood. The mist seemed to favor the possibility of our reaching this village without being too quickly observed by the Germans. We therefore promptly put on all speed and in a few seconds drew up under the lee of a battered house, which was on the advance line of the French army, and were in the midst of the battle. A French officer, who appeared out of the house, informed us that we were then actually within two hundred yards of the German trenches, so near, he said, that his men "knew the Germans in the opposing trenches by their first names."

Seeing a modern battle demolishes all one's preconceived ideas derived from descriptions of previous wars. One at least expects some sort of rapid and exciting action. In reality, as we stood

in the very midst of the Battle of the Aisne, there was, in our immediate neighborhood, only a dead silence. At intervals an angry rumbling would break out somewhere in the distance, but in the trenches close to our elbows there was no sound or movement. No birds, no beasts, no men were anywhere to be seen. This uncanny silence would continue for twenty or thirty interminable seconds and then a shrapnel would burst close by, with a sharp, ugly, threatening bang which had no echo; then all lapsed into silence again. Each shrapnel only made the subsequent silence more intense, just as a man's footsteps crunching through the snow-crust of a winter wilderness seem like a brutal intrusion on the absolute stillness.

We looked behind us and could see no signs of French troops; we peeped around the house corner and could perceive no indications of the enemy. It was a monotonous landscape which faded away through the mist to nothingness, and its only noticeable features were a few shell craters and two French soldiers sitting close by in the end of a trench. These men remained motionless so long before one of them moved that we began to think they were dead. Their com-

rades were all hidden in a bomb-proof trench which from any angle was invisible at a distance of a few yards. Several more officers came out of the house and chatted with us, or unconcernedly read newspapers which we distributed and made not the slightest break in their conversation when a shrapnel burst directly over our heads with ear-splitting nearness.

The shrapnel arrived without any forewarning scream. This is a sign that the guns are less than two thousand yards away. For the first one or two thousand yards of its flight a 3-inch shell travels faster than sound, but after that distance it so rapidly loses velocity that the sound of its screech travels faster than the shell and arrives ahead of it.

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We visited the field headquarters of a General, commanding a division of twenty thousand men, whom we had the pleasure of meeting. Under a great haystack which stood alone in the center of an open field had been excavated several rooms used as the General's Headquarters. Some yards away from the haystack a stove-pipe projected out of the sod in a foolish unrelated manner; under

it was the kitchen in which was cooking the evening meal for the staff officers. A clump of trees close by might be called the General's ante-room, for here hidden among the branches were several officers receiving and sending messengers and dispatches. Several telephone wires ran to the haystack and one of them connected the trees with the General's underground office. In a neighboring wood a troop of cavalry were encamped and numerous automobiles and motorcycles were parked, all hidden from distant outlooks or from aëroplanes overhead.

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The area immediately in the rear of the battle-lines is most interesting, for it is here that one really learns how a battle is fought. One sees the reserves of men and munitions all hidden carefully from the view of aëroplanes. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of the guns, which are usually a mile or so behind the infantry and are hidden and protected in the woods and valleys. The artillery seldom sees its enemy or even its own front battle-line, but fires across woods, hills, and valleys and over the heads of its own infantry at the enemy beyond. The guns are aimed from mathematical

calculations and the results are checked and corrected by observations telephoned back from the front.

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We arrived in Amiens in the middle of the afternoon and I went immediately to see the American Consular Agent, M. Tassancourt, for whom I had messages. I found him in splendid shape and very glad to welcome me. I discovered later in the day that he had done exceedingly effective work during the German occupation of the city, and was at least partly responsible for the fact that there had been no friction between the German invaders and the population. When our official business was finished he took me for an inspection of the military hospitals, which occupied several hours. The city is only fifteen miles distant from the present battle-line and contains base hospitals for some forty miles of battle front.

I took special pains to learn the details of the German occupation and to search for any damage they might have done. There had been no fighting within the city and it had not been shelled by either side. The German armies had entered it unopposed and had retired from it unpursued,

both as the result of decisive actions fought at distant points.

On entering the city the Germans had posted notices warning the inhabitants to refrain from hostile actions and threatening them with dire consequences if they did not obey orders. A considerable number of the leading citizens were taken as hostages for the good behavior of the populace and an exorbitant indemnity was demanded of the city. As a result of bargaining and protest this was finally cut down until the conquerors contented themselves with something like one hundred and fifty thousand francs in gold, and supplies to the value of about eight hundred thousand. All this levy was turned over within four days, after which the hostages were released, the populace having behaved in a manner satisfactory to the invaders.

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The headquarters of the British Red Cross Field Ambulance train of the Section Beauvais-Lille were temporarily in Amiens. The Consul presented me to Mr. Fabian Ware, the Commissioner in command, who very kindly invited me to dine with him and his staff.

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At the Front, Wednesday, October 14th. We spent last night in Amiens and after a day near the front returned again to Amiens in the afternoon. On the way from Pas to Amiens the machine was running rapidly down the slope of a hill toward a little village in the valley, when an old white-haired woman detached herself from a knot of peasants beside the road and suddenly threw herself in front of the wheels. By putting on the brakes the driver managed to stop just in time to prevent her being crushed. She then tried to crawl under the car and was dragged screaming away by the villagers. It seems that some twenty years ago this woman had been left a widow with one child, a boy. With endless labor she had brought him to manhood and given him more than an average education. When the war broke out her son was immediately called to the colors, while she remained caring for her tiny house, her chickens, and her cow. When the Germans came a battle took place in her village, her house was knocked down, her cow blown up by a shell, and finally her chickens disappeared down German throats. The poor old woman, refusing to leave the locality in which her life had been passed, had

wandered about for days in the rain and mud, until cold, hunger, and sorrow had made her light-witted. Then while roaming aimlessly over the fields she had come upon the body of her dead son.

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On this trip I have travelled along the front from Lassigny to a point near Arras, or about fifty-five miles of battle-line.

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We left Amiens at six o'clock in the evening and passed through Abbeville on the coast, this being the point before mentioned from which the Germans were at the time only thirty-eight miles distant and which they might have reached in two days had they advanced as rapidly as they did at times during August, or as rapidly as they now seem to be doing farther north in Belgium. I continued up the coast some forty miles through Etaples to Paris-Plage, which I reached at ten o'clock. I went immediately to the residence of the Countess X. and found to my great satisfaction that the French chauffeur whom I had sent on ahead to prepare the family for the trip to Paris had arrived safely with the limousine the

day previous and that the children and nurses were all ready to leave at daybreak tomorrow.

Before going to bed I called on the Mayor and after a long conference arranged for proper passes to get my charges out of the town the next morning.

Thursday, October 15th. We all got started this morning at half-past six. I had told the chauffeur to warn the nurses to provide milk, food, and everything the children would need for the long day's run, as I planned to make Paris in one day and did not wish to stop except for emergencies. I put the five youngest "kids" and the two nurses inside the limousine and took the English governess and the two older children in the back seat of my own car.

Despite my papers from the Mayor of Paris-Plage, my personal passes, and a large sign across the front of the automobile reading, "In the Service of the Ambassador of the United States," I had an exciting time getting past the gendarmes of the town and the Prefecture of Montreuil. The difficulty lay in the nationality of the children and of one of the nurses, all of whom were Hun-

garians and therefore officially enemies of France. As such they were not supposed to travel about, especially not behind the French battle-line. The details of my struggles are too numerous to relate, but finally we got through successfully and at good speed ran towards Paris. The day throughout proved a strenuous one with many detentions caused by suspicious sentries and over cautious prefects, together with four blow-outs and one breakdown. Each self-important petty official could see no reason why I should not spend several hours explaining things for his special benefit. It was manifestly impossible to keep the babies out over-night, and therefore I overrode objections, answered innumerable questions, and freely used the magic name of the American Ambassador.

The frequent tire trouble, which gave the rest of us much anxiety, filled the heart of little Count Paul, aged seven, with unalloyed delight, for when the machine stopped to shift tires, he could get out in the road and listen to the thrilling sound of guns booming off to the left.

In the end, what had to be done was done. We made Paris and "Mother" at eight o'clock

after a fourteen-hour run—all dead tired, but no one the worse for the trip.

I obtained a very telling idea of the immensity of the Battle of the Aisne on this rapid run, for today the atmosphere had cleared and was in a sound-transmitting mood, so that all day long we could hear the cannon on our left booming, booming, without cessation—eighty miles of cannon, or fourteen hours of booming, a big measure. Our route lay through Etaples, Montreuil, Abbeville, Pont Remy, Aviames, Poix, where we stopped for luncheon, Grandvilliers, Pontoise, and through the Porte Maillot into Paris.

CHAPTER VII

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE

Paris, Thursday, October 15th. For the present the jottings in my diary grow farther and farther apart, as events worth recording have during the past weeks occurred with less and less frequency. The volume of Embassy work in the department of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians has of late been steadily decreasing. Since the end of September our work has chiefly consisted of routine diplomatic correspondence relating to prisoners of war. Mr. Herrick's efforts have recently been successful in obtaining from the French government an order permitting interned civilians to return by way of Switzerland to their homes in Germany and Austria-Hungary. This achieves the last vital aim for which he has struggled and now that everything has been reduced to calm and routine it is probable that he will soon return to America. The volunteer Attachés, whose duty

does not keep them permanently in the diplomatic service, begin to feel that since there is no longer pressing need of their assistance they must soon return to their several professions and to the peaceful occupations of civil life. They have worked under the inspiring leadership of a man with whom familiarity breeds respect, and have had the honor of knowing him as one knows those only with whom one has passed through dark days. Mr. Herrick has proved himself one of those rare men who are possessed of high ideals and far vision and who at the same time refuse to be impractical.

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Lieutenant Donait and I are hoping that we may sometime in the near future have an opportunity to make a trip to Berlin with dispatches. We should greatly like to see the other side of the war. Lieutenant Donait is one of the military Attachés at the Embassy with whom I have become particularly friendly.

Tuesday, October 27th. I have finished my work with the Germans and Austro-Hungarians and turned over all my affairs in good order. Of the money sent by the German and Austro-Hungarian

Governments for their indigent interned subjects, the Embassy has distributed more than a quarter of a million francs, all of which has passed through my hands. It is a relief to get the accounts balanced and into the charge of the professional bookkeeper whom the secretaries have at last succeeded in engaging.

Lieutenant Donait awaits orders from Washington releasing him from his work at the Embassy. It has been arranged that as soon as these arrive he and I are to go together to Germany as bearers of official dispatches.

For the interim I have offered my services to the Motor Ambulance Corps of the American Hospital. The existence of this hospital and of its ambulance trains is due to Mr. Herrick's efforts and its creation is one of his greatest diplomatic achievements. Its efficiency, size, and rapid growth have done more to promote friendly relations between France and the United States than any other single factor, excepting only the never-to-be-forgotten fact that the American Embassy remained in Paris when the Germans were approaching the city. The Ambulance Corps is under the guidance of the Ambassador and it was

his energy which pushed it through the political and economic difficulties incidental to its inception.

Both the hospital and its Ambulance Corps are under the immediate direction of a committee of prominent Americans, the executive head of which is Dr. Winchester Dubouchet, who bears the title of Surgeon-in-chief. He is a man possessing the rare combination of tact and efficiency. He is thoroughly conversant with the technique of his profession and has in previous wars had large experience with field ambulance service. His ability and skill have proved as important in the organization and running of these institutions as were those of Mr. Herrick in their conception.

Under the wise leadership of Dr. Dubouchet, three other men, Mr. Laurence Benét, Dr. Edmond Gros, and Mr. A. Wellesley Kipling, have been powerful in promoting the phenomenal growth of the Ambulance Corps. Their titles are, respectively, Chairman of the Transportation Committee, Chief Ambulance Surgeon, and Captain of Ambulances. These gentlemen have worked together unselfishly and indefatigably, and the rapidity with which the manifold difficulties incidental to the construction and organization of automobile

ambulance trains have been overcome is due to their untiring efforts.

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The corps is now being greatly enlarged and I, as a staff officer, am to assist in its reorganization. Some twenty-five automobile ambulances are already in service and this number is soon to be increased to sixty or more cars.

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There is in general such a lack of adequate service for the wounded that to work with the Ambulance Corps and thus contribute one's mite of helpfulness is almost a duty for any American who can spare even a few weeks of time. When one has seen thousands of wounded, as I saw them at the Battle of the Marne, lying for three and four days in the rain without food, drink, or any medical aid, one is irresistibly driven to do something to diminish such terrible suffering. Many young Americans are feeling the same impulse and volunteers for ambulance service are numerous. Appeals for additional ambulance cars, moreover, have received generous response from America. It is estimated that an ambulance costing $1500 will, before it wears out, carry two thousand wounded

to hospitals and help the surgeons to save four hundred lives which otherwise must die from lack of prompt attention.

Sunday, November 1st. The last four days have been spent in accomplishing as many as possible of the necessary preliminaries incidental to joining the American Ambulance. They include being vaccinated, certifying whether one has had typhoid, getting measured and fitted for a uniform, being presented to the various officers, going through a lot of formalities leading to the possession of a French chauffeur's license, filling out parentage and enlistment blanks, and getting proper written introductions and identifications. All these steps have entailed a good deal of rather necessary "red tape," for in war time it is essential to prove every step in order to avoid "mistakes."

The equipment of the members of the corps consists of a khaki uniform of very heavy woolen cloth, a khaki overcoat, a fatigue cap, heavy flannel shirts, a khaki necktie, tan puttees, tan shoes, and a tan slicker. The members of the Ambulance obtain this outfit for the surprisingly small sum of forty-seven dollars, each paying for his own equipment.

At odd moments I have been put through stretcher-drill and given rudimentary first-aid instruction. This afternoon and evening I was sent as an orderly on an ambulance running to the suburban station of Aubervilliers at which trains of wounded make a brief stop on their way from the front to the home hospitals in the south of France. It is from this station that the American Hospital receives its patients, invariably cases whose condition is so grave that they are thought to be incapable of enduring further travel without fatal results.

Upon entering the service of the Ambulance all volunteers, no matter what their ultimate position is to be, are required to attain a certain efficiency and practical knowledge in the actual handling of wounded. I am now taking my turn at this service. One train of ambulances is always stationed in Paris and carries wounded from the Aubervilliers station to the various city hospitals. This train is manned by the latest recruits, who there undergo training, being meanwhile carefully observed by the staff officers. The majority of them prove to be good material, and in from two to six weeks are sent to the front, while those who are not judged

to be reliable are replaced by new volunteers. Candidates are not required to agree to any definite length of enlistment but are at liberty to leave whenever they so elect. On the other hand, the chiefs of the Ambulance Corps make no promises to send any volunteer to the front but reserve the right to select only those men who have first proved themselves fit for such great responsibility.

Field ambulances are virtually all alike and as a rule hold four stretchers in two tiers. In front are seats for the driver and his orderly, and behind is a boxlike body eight feet long with wooden roof and floor and canvas sides. From the back of the ambulance a wounded man on his stretcher is slid into place as a bread pan is slid into an oven, the feet of the stretcher running on wooden rails. In starting out to collect the wounded an ambulance carries its full quota of stretchers. When a man is picked up from the field of battle one of these is taken out and he is carefully lifted on it; if he is already lying on a stretcher he is not changed but, in order to save unnecessary suffering, put into the ambulance with the one on which he is already resting,—an empty one being left behind in exchange. In

order that this process may always be feasible it is necessary that all stretchers should be interchangeable; the Minister of War has, therefore, decreed that a standard stretcher called "Branquard réglementaire," and no other, must be used throughout the French armies.

As the number of casualties has been overwhelmingly and unexpectedly large, the French have not up to date been able to give proper care to their wounded. It is not uncommon for wounded men *en route* from the front to be on trains for three and four days, virtually uncared for, and usually without anything to eat. Such trains finally arrive in Paris freighted with death and madness, with gangrene and lockjaw. I today saw two men who had been wounded a month ago and were still in the clothes in which they had fought.

The American Corps keeps ambulances at the Aubervilliers station day and night in relays, so that at any moment not less than two cars are there to receive wounded. Today I was assigned as orderly to an ambulance on the afternoon shift which begins at one o'clock and ends at nine. The receiving station for wounded is a huge express shed about three hundred feet long and

sixty feet wide. A railway siding enters through a big door and within runs longitudinally along one wall. A large storage platform occupies the rest of the interior, on which are arranged four parallel benches running nearly the whole length of the shed. Each bench is about seven feet wide and has a slight slope for "drainage." When we arrived all the benches were crowded with wounded, who were packed side by side in four long ghastly rows. They were wrapped up in their clothes—the same old clothes in which they had fought. The French are, apparently, not sure that the Germans may not yet take Paris, for as a rule they do not permit wounded to be sent to that city. Only those who are slightly wounded in the hand or arm and able to walk, or, on the other hand, those too desperately wounded to survive being moved farther, are allowed to remain in Paris. All the others, although they have already taken two or three days to arrive from the front, are allowed only twelve hours "repose" before they are sent on to the south of France. This "repose" is taken on the benches described above or in similar situations. If the shed is already full and additional trains of wounded arrive, the late

comers are left in their cars. Why anyone should consider a train which is standing still more reposeful than one which is moving I cannot imagine. In Paris the wounded at least get something to eat, usually coarse bread with meat and cheese. They arrive in those silly little freight cars marked "eight horses," each of which carries about eighteen wounded, twelve on stretchers in two tiers in each end and some six more standing or sitting in the aisle, which extends from door to door between the stretchers.

On arriving at the Aubervilliers station we were on duty all the afternoon, and as no trains happened to arrive this meant standing in the rain and doing nothing at all. After dark, however, three train loads of wounded, each of some fifty cars, came in at intervals of about an hour. The wounded are so many that one counts them by trains and the trains come so often that one loses count even of them. No one who has not seen them can possibly comprehend the human misery contained in one such unit. The first train arrived at five o'clock and brought five hundred cases. They had been two days on the way and had had nothing at all to eat for the last nineteen hours.

Seventy-five of their number were unwounded, but had reached such a state of nervous collapse that they could not endure life in the trenches a minute longer, and had therefore, perforce, been sent to the rear. I could not ascertain just how such cases were handled at the front for the French were reluctant to discuss the matter. Certain it is that the instances must have been numerous, for the punishment usually prescribed in war for such delinquency in the face of the enemy is death before a firing squad. The cases must have been so numerous and the ordeal withstood at the front so terrible that punishment became impracticable. In extenuation it may be pointed out that the French army, like any conscript army, contains every able-bodied man of the nation, a certain proportion of whom are inevitably mentally below par and have been sent to war against their will or inclination. The British are the only ones who have fought night and day from the beginning without relays and seem to thrive on it, a fact chiefly due to their being picked volunteers all of whom are soldiers by choice.

After the first train arrived a number of very desperate cases were immediately sorted out and

given to our ambulances. The ambulance upon which I served was the last to leave. We departed at seven o'clock, carrying a lieutenant of Chasseurs Alpins who had had his hand shot off and who showed symptoms of lockjaw, and a little private of infantry, a boy with a delicate refined face, who had a bad gangrenous shell wound in the right thigh. His leg was rotting away in a most frightful manner. He was delirious and as weak as a kitten. He imagined he was a little child again and that his mother was causing him all the pain he suffered. He moaned to her reproachfully. We picked our way as slowly and carefully as possible, never making more than four miles an hour and actually avoiding every projecting stone and cobble. In spite of our efforts, our charges suffered frightfully and the delirious boy made this evident in a way which cast a silent spell upon the streets through which we passed. We went up over Montmartre and along the Boulevard Clichy, famous "wicked" street of Paris, because the road surfaces happened to be somewhat smoother. As we went we left behind us a trail of the intangible, all-permeating, sickly-sweetish odor of gangrene.

It is very curious to see how virtually all fa-

tally wounded men know that they are going to die and how they grasp it with a certainty which exceeds the certainty of anything else in life. They often realize it sooner than the surgeons. It is most uncanny. Perhaps it is because their nervous system senses that its foundation has suddenly crumbled. It is very impressive to see the quiet, optimistic calm with which they face the end, and the bigness of it. It makes one feel confident that there is an after-life, or that it is at least right to die for an ideal.

Monday, November 2d. Francis Colby, who drove me when I went to get the children of the Countess X., has recently enlisted in the American Ambulance. He is at present organizing one of the new trains of ambulances of which he will probably have charge when it is complete. These new trains are to be made up of large cars, each carrying six sitting or four lying cases. They will be able to travel five hundred kilometers without taking on gasoline, oil, or other supplies and are to carry repair outfits and food supplies. Every man in service with these trains, no matter what his position, must have a French chauffeur's

license, thus providing not only greater elasticity in action but enabling the men to drive in relays. The amount of detail connected with the preparation of such units is immense.

Saturday, November 7th. Two ambulances are being shipped from England to Boulogne, and Colby and myself with two other men are to be sent out to get them. The necessary permits from the General Staff have been applied for.

Monday, November 9th. We received this morning the permits for the trip to Boulogne. Dr. Walker and William Iselin are to accompany Colby and myself; we expect to leave early tomorrow morning. We are to drive an ambulance —a twenty horse-power (English rating) Daimler— and on our way shall follow close to the battle line in order to hunt suitable locations for the new ambulance trains. We go by way of Montdidier, Amiens, and Doullens, all of which contain base hospitals.

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Tuesday, November 10th. We left Paris at ten this morning by the Porte St. Denis and proceeded

through Aubervilliers and Ecuen to Chantilly, where we stopped for lunch. The motor had been running very badly, and as no one else seemed willing to try conclusions with it I undertook the task. The trouble proved to be in the carbureter. After I had taken this to pieces and put it together again everything went smoothly. While I was at work, the other members of the party wandered about the town and talked with the inhabitants, whose village had been occupied by the Germans for several days during their dash toward Paris. It was well that the most valuable articles in the museum of the château had been hidden away before the Germans arrived, as they carried off pretty much everything that was in sight.

The first Germans who had entered the town had not worn the characteristic spiked helmet and many of the inhabitants had mistaken them for English troops. Early in the war this error was frequently made by French peasants, to whom the British and Germans were equally unknown. The townspeople were still laughing at one old innkeeper who had freely given of his choicest supplies to the supposed Englishmen, and had spent the better part of an afternoon enthusiastically and

vigorously grooming their horses, meanwhile keeping up a stream of frightfully abusive remarks "à propos de ces cochons des *Boches*," much to the amusement of his Teutonic audience.

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We arrived in Amiens after dark and there encountered an old friend in Mr. Richard Norton, the American archeologist, who is at present commanding a British Red Cross unit in the field. We had dinner with him and obtained from him much valuable information.

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Mr. Norton's train has its base at Doullens. He is tonight in Amiens on official business and has with him only his scout car and its driver. His train has received orders to report early tomorrow morning at a field hospital near the village of Bouzincourt which is only a little more than two miles from the "German" town of Albert. His train is to assist in the evacuation of some two hundred gravely wounded French soldiers who are threatened by heavy German infantry attacks and are even now under shell fire. At dawn he is to go direct to Bouzincourt in his scout car and there meet his ambulances. We have decided

to accompany him to aid, if possible, in removing the wounded.

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Wednesday, November 11th. After an early breakfast, we followed Mr. Norton's scout car through a deluge of rain as it proceeded at a dizzy pace toward the sound of battle. We passed through the villages of Querrieux, Laviéville, and Millencourt, getting into a "hot" neighborhood near the latter place.

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On arriving at Bouzincourt we found that the German attacks had been decisively repulsed at sunrise this morning and the French surgeons in charge of the field hospital had reconsidered their decision to move the wounded, nearly all of whom were in a precarious condition. The ambulance train therefore returned empty to its base at Doullens, travelling by protected roads, while Mr. Norton's car, with our own, followed along the battle-line, his purpose being to scout for possible wounded in order better to direct the afternoon operations of his train.

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Not far from Colincamps we stood upon the crest of a hill beside a group of nine French field guns. They were cleverly concealed in an artificial fence line carefully constructed in all its details along the hilltop. Fence posts had been erected and the artillerymen had also set up the trees, vines, and underbrush which normally follow and accentuate the boundaries between fields. The day was so windy and rainy that we had no fear of being observed by German aëroplanes, and therefore stood tranquilly behind the guns and talked with the commanding officer.

A mile below us in the valley we could through our field-glasses define the position of the French trenches and beyond them locate the German trenches. Between the two stretched that No Man's Land, called "between the lines," which runs from Ostend through Bethune, Albert, and Lassigny to Soissons and Rheims and from thence to the Swiss frontier. Following its twistings and turnings this strip of land is four hundred and fifty miles in length. It lies wrapt in uncanny solitude for in all its length there moves no living creature. It changes from beet-fields to plowed land, to pastures and back to the eternal beet-

fields again. It runs across farms and over hills, through cities and under forest trees. It varies in width, here narrowing to a few feet, there widening to several hundred yards. Five minutes would be ample time to walk across it anywhere, and yet it is the most impassable frontier ever marked out by man anywhere on the surface of mother earth. No person may cross it, no matter how exalted his position nor how mighty his influence, for throughout its length hosts of trained men lie ever ready to let loose upon any intruder a thousand shells and a million bullets.

What sights one might behold if one could, himself invisible, follow this ribbon of scarred earth as it winds its way across Europe from the North Sea to the Alps! Its length is mazed with barbed wire and electric death, and menaced by pits and mines. Heaps of dead men lie in the sun or rain, and the wounded cry faintly and more faintly until they too are dead. The plants and trees are blasted and even the earth has been torn and tortured by explosions.

At some point along this line a moment comes when thousands of men start suddenly out of the bare earth like Sons of the Dragon's Teeth and as

promptly charge forward. For a brief moment their shouts are heard through the stillness and then their voices are drowned by one great hellish din, made up of the roar of guns, the crash of cannon, the scream of shells, and the shock of ear-splitting explosions. The ground under their feet heaves and shakes and the air about them is filled with a confusion of flying dust and débris.

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As we stood on the hill-crest and talked to the French officer a furious cannonade was going on around us. In our rear, hidden behind hills, three different French batteries were in intermittent action, and somewhere off beyond the valley in front lay the hidden German batteries which were returning their fire. Shells from both sides passed back and forth over our heads and the German shells banged and burst a thousand yards behind our backs.

The guns beside us were silent. They had, undetected, held their present position for a whole day. They watched the two lines in the valley as intently as these lines watched each other, for in front of us was one of those crucial points against which attacks are frequently launched by the

enemy. The batteries beside which we stood waited hour after hour for that sudden critical moment when the Germans should attempt to launch any attack between the lines. These nine guns could together fire two hundred rounds a minute, which means seventy thousand shrapnel bullets. These batteries were connected by telephone with the trenches a mile in front, and also with various observation points from which the results of their fire could be accurately judged and cross-checked.

A few hundred yards to our right in plain view across the open fields was the little village of Auchonvillers. Suddenly a great German shell burst with an earth-shaking shock in the open fields about three hundred yards behind it, throwing up a great cloud of inky black smoke nearly as large as a city block. It made a crater more than a hundred feet in circumference. The French officers said that it was either a twelve-inch or an "eleven-point-two" and prophesied that a second and more accurate shot would soon follow and strike the village itself. We watched intently and some minutes later a great shell did fall squarely into the little hamlet. Again a great cloud of jet

black smoke shot up into the air, but this time it was mixed with bits of houses and fragments of earth. The smoke drifted off slowly, and reluctantly floated away on the wind until some minutes later we were able to discern the town as it emerged from the cloud of dust, showing a great gap in its sky-line.

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We had lunch in Doullens with the officers of Mr. Norton's train.

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At one point in the front line we heard this story relative to barbed-wire entanglements. A week ago a lieutenant and several of his men ventured forth at night and succeeded in crawling unobserved under the entanglements. Reaching the German trenches they leapt in among their enemies and did much execution; but becoming too enthusiastic, they overstayed their leave, so that none of them ever returned. The Germans, not wishing to be again surprised in such a disagreeable manner, on the next dark night slipped out of their trenches and hung a great quantity of cowbells upon the lower strands of their wire entanglements. Before many nights had passed

another party of daring Frenchmen again essayed to crawl to the German trenches but, ringing up the cowbells, were all killed in the resulting fusillade.

Not content to leave the matter as it stood, an intrepid Frenchman crept out on the following night, unwinding a ball of twine as he advanced. He succeeded in attaching the end of this to a cowbell without making any noise to betray his presence. He then made his way safely back to his own trenches and from their shelter vigorously pulled the string. A most ungodly clank and clatter resulted, wrecking the stillness of the night. This aroused the Teutons and led them into a solid hour of furious but futile shooting. The string was similarly pulled on several succeeding occasions and always produced the desired result of uproar and shooting, until it was finally severed by a bullet.

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Our party arrived in Hesdin at half-past six this evening. It was raining furiously and the condition of the roads and the obscurity of the night made it extremely hazardous to proceed farther. The village was packed with British

transports and we could find only one vacant bed in the whole place. Two of us slept in that and the other two on stretchers in the ambulance.

Thursday, November 12th. At eleven o'clock this morning we reached Boulogne, which is at present a British army base and almost deserves to be called an English city. It is filled with troops, with Red Cross and Royal Army Medical Corps, and with transport wagons, all British. English is heard on all sides and the London *Times* is by noon on sale in the streets. Bits of the front freshly arrived are much in evidence; one sees everywhere English Tommies on leave, wounded Ghurkas, and convoys of sullen German prisoners.

At present British wounded are being shipped to England at the rate of more than two thousand a day, which is probably one reason why their forces on the Continent have not, in spite of their strenuous recruiting and of the use of Colonial and Indian troops, exceeded two hundred thousand men.

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The basins of the harbor at Boulogne are crammed with a heterogeneous mass of shipping—

transports, warships, submarines, torpedo boats, Red Cross steamers, and great rafts of small sailing vessels which were tied up because of the war. The docks and wharves are piled mountain-high with great masses of supplies, and parks of ambulances and war automobiles await call to service.

Ambulances run hither and thither carrying wounded to the half dozen Red Cross boats which are tied up to the wharves. Each of these ships is painted white with a great red cross displayed upon either side.

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Friday, November 13th. We did not succeed in finding the two ambulances for which we had come. Iselin left for London yesterday afternoon to try to trace them in England.

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Saturday, November 14th. On our return trip to Paris we left Boulogne at half-past two yesterday afternoon and made a "forced march" of sixteen hours straight through to Paris, where we arrived this morning at six. It rained in torrents all day yesterday, all night long, and is still pouring today. We three worked in relays, one sleeping in the ambulance while another drove and

the third read maps and showed passports to sentries. Dr. Walker and I slept while Colby drove alone over well-known roads as far as Abbeville, where we arrived at half-past seven. We left at eight after a hasty supper, and I drove the car straight through to Paris while Dr. Walker managed the maps.

I reported to the Ambulance Headquarters this morning and found that I had been assigned to duty in assisting Captain Kipling with the executive details of the organization of the new ambulance trains. In future every train is to be composed of five ambulances, one repair car, and one scout car, and is to be manned by an officer and thirteen men. Each such unit is to be complete in itself and is called a "squad." As such it will be assigned to duty with the Paris Hospital, with field hospitals, or with the French, British, or Belgian armies. The field work is to be controlled from Paris by Captain Kipling and a board of three staff officers. O. W. Budd is to be Chief of Staff, E. W. McKey, Adjutant, and during the remainder of my short time of service with the Corps I am to have charge of equipment and material.

The Corps has recently been recognized by the French army, and from now on will virtually be a part of that army. It will receive orders direct from the Minister of War and from the General Staffs.

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Friday, November 27th. Mr. Herrick leaves for America tomorrow. Today he was busy at his desk in the Embassy until late in the afternoon, during which time he dictated a personal letter to me thanking me for my services under his administration, a document that will ever be one of my most prized possessions.

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Donait's leave of absence has arrived from Washington and I am leaving with him tomorrow via Switzerland with special dispatches for Berlin.

I received an indefinite "leave of absence" from the American Ambulance, nominally retaining my position as staff officer in hopes of rendering indirect service to the Corps after my return to America.

Saturday, November 28th. It is impossible for the French people to understand why the United

States should remove Mr. Herrick from his post just when he has so valiantly proved himself equal to the great demands which have been made upon him in the present crisis. In the diplomacy of other countries a plenipotentiary is never replaced in times of great stress, except as a rebuke to him or as an intimation that the policies he has expressed are to be reversed by his government. That a valuable diplomat should at a critical time be replaced for reasons of mere party politics seems incomprehensible to European nations.

Note.—The French Government sent a representative to America on the same boat with Mr. Herrick. As the ship was approaching land and Mr. Herrick was again virtually a private citizen within the bounds of his native country, this representative of the French Republic conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the highest order in the gift of France and one usually reserved for her rulers and her victorious marshals. As far as I have been able to ascertain, this is the only time that such an honor has ever been conferred upon an American.

CHAPTER VIII

GERMANY AND BERLIN

Berne, Saturday, November 28th. Donait and I left Paris at nine last evening for Lyons, Culoz, and Geneva with dispatches for Berlin. For many reasons we are particularly anxious to see Germany and Austria in war time, and look forward keenly to the experience which we face.

We arrived in Geneva at noon. We were very tired, for our train and compartment were overcrowded and we had to sit up all night. The responsibility of the sack of official papers which we carried, and on which one of us had constantly to keep his mind, hand, and eyes, was an additional element of fatigue.

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We were forced to wait in Geneva until five o'clock for a train to Berne, where we finally arrived at nine this evening.

Sunday, November 29th. This morning Donait and I presented ourselves at the American Legation and delivered our dispatches. It is the custom to send all mail for the American Embassy in Berlin to the Legation in Berne, where it is opened, checked over, and re-forwarded. In the afternoon we paid our respects to the Military Attaché, Major Lawton.

German newspapers are accessible to us this morning for the first time since July. It is most interesting to view the reverse of the shield.

Monday, November 30th. Berne is almost as much in a state of war as Paris. The whole Swiss army of 500,000 is mobilized and has been on the frontiers since the end of July. The nation is on a war footing and seems to be about equally suspicious of all the nations concerned in the "present unpleasantness." A certain quiet confidence, however, pervades Switzerland, a confidence which even a small nation may feel when it has an effective army. Every normal Swiss citizen is a trained soldier, for in his twentieth year he undergoes from sixty to ninety days of intensive military instruction.

I speak of the efficiency of the Swiss army. I might add that the Germans would undoubtedly have preferred to invade France through Switzerland rather than through Belgium. Their flank would then not have been exposed to the disastrous pressure of the British army and navy. The fact of the matter is that they feared the British and the Belgians combined less than the Swiss. So great are the advantages of reasonable military preparedness.

Preparedness and military system are not synonymous with a large standing army. A small, well-prepared army may be the nucleus around which an efficient military system can be built. The Swiss organization is at present most interesting, for it has saved that country from becoming involved in the present war. Had Belguim been as well prepared as was Switzerland, Germany would have observed sacred treaties and invaded France *across the Franco-German border.*

The efficient Swiss military system, which can put 500,000 trained and organized men into the field, costs less than ten million dollars a year. Our ineffective American standing army of 85,000 men costs us one hundred millions a year, on a peace footing. The difference is due to the fact

that the frugal, thrifty Swiss, like most other nations, do not consider civilians competent to meddle with military matters—or that national defense should be subject to the vagaries of party politics—or that an army is a fit subject for the experiments of amateur social scientists.

In spite of the cruel calamities which have in the past overtaken the United States because of her perpetual unpreparedness, we still insist that because we do not believe in war we therefore need no military system. It is as if we held that since we do not wish to be ill we will abolish physicians —or as if we believed that because we do not desire to have our homes burn down we will do away with the fire department and with insurance. No matter how pacific a nation may be it cannot avoid war by signing peace treaties, either singly or by the bushel. Reasonable military preparedness is the *only* valid insurance against disastrous and ruinous war.

We did without this war insurance in the decade from 1850 to 1860, when we at that time needed insurance only to the amount of 100,000 trained soldiers. This would have cost about seventy-five millions. Had we possessed this insurance the

Civil War would never have been fought. For the lack of it our country missed disintegration by a hair's breadth, and escaped disaster only because we happened to have one of the great men of history as President. The ultimate victory was won at a cost of which the following items were only a part:

750,000 lives.
10,000 million dollars in national debt and pensions.
25,000 million dollars in property damage.

All this would have been prevented by a protective expenditure of 75 millions a year.

No more fatal delusion was ever cherished than the belief that "it takes two to make a quarrel." In world history it has seldom needed two to make a quarrel. Did Belgium quarrel with Germany?

Our legation in Berne has always been the most isolated, humdrum spot on earth. People stationed here nearly died of ennui; nothing ever happened, until all Europe suddenly was plunged into the conflagration of war, and then Berne became, of necessity, the clearing house for the continent for dispatches, mail, telegrams, money, prisoners, and refugees. Every telegram which the American

Embassy in Paris sends to the Embassies in Germany, Austria, or Italy is directed: "American Legation, Berne. Repeat to Gerard"—or Penfield or Page, as the case may be.

German prisoners in France are numbered in tens of thousands and for a long time the only means of communication from them and to them was by means of the two American Embassies through the American Legation in Berne. The little three-room Berne Legation with its small staff was simply overwhelmed with work.

Donait and I were sent by Minister Stovall to make a verbal report on the situation of the Germans in France to Baron Romberg, the German Minister to Switzerland. I was much impressed in this my first touch with a German official. He is rather small, slim of body, but keen of mind, with excellent repose and control. Like all German diplomats, he speaks faultless English. A startling evidence of the efficiency of the German Information Bureau was furnished by the fact that he already knew to the minutest details nearly as much about my work in Paris in caring for German subjects as did I myself.

He spoke quite unreservedly about many

matters but did not attempt to draw us into indiscretions as do so many foreign diplomats when dealing with younger men.

This evening I walked out along the embankment in front of the Parliament Houses and watched a gorgeous sunset and Alpine glow upon the snow mountains of the Bernese Oberland.

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One is not permitted to telephone in English or in any language except German or French (the native languages of Switzerland), and even then the telephone girls listen closely to one's conversation.

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Donait and I have made all our preparations to depart for Berlin early tomorrow morning, our dispatches having been sorted out, checked, and re-pouched.

Tuesday, December 1st. We reached the Swiss-German frontier at noon today. We descended from the train at Basle and drove three miles to the frontier. Here there were two barriers straight across the road, the nearer one guarded by numerous Swiss soldiers; the farther, some twenty yards behind, by soldiers wearing the spiked

helmet. Before we were allowed to pass the first barrier our papers and luggage were minutely examined by Swiss military and customs officers. We then walked across the twenty yards to the second, or German, barrier, where we were conducted into a little guard-house. Here some dozen soldiers were sleeping or playing cards on cots in the background along the walls. An efficient sergeant examined our papers and then allowed us to pass the second barrier into Germany, showing marked respect for the Herr Lieutenant and the Herr Attaché.

We loaded our suit-cases in a second vehicle, a German one this time, and proceeded some two miles to the railroad station of Leopoldshöhe. While we stood on the station platform at Leopoldshöhe, heavy guns in battle could be heard off toward Mülhausen and once there came the typical crash of a big shell exploding much nearer, probably not more than three or four kilometers away. As near as that to a battle in France one sees a disorganized, deserted, wrecked countryside, with wagon trains going back and forth and wounded soldiers straggling toward the safety zone. Here in Germany everything was in the most perfect

order, with no excitement or confusion, and passenger trains left on the minute by schedule time. It was difficult to realize that there was a battle within a thousand miles.

The moment one enters Germany one feels efficiency as if one had passed under a spell. The way the feeling immediately impresses itself upon one is a curious psychological phenomenon. One senses at once the wonderful civic consciousness of the nation and respects it. One does not throw waste paper out of a carriage window, nor take trivial short cuts, nor walk on the grass, nor attempt to pass through ticket gates before the proper time. Everything is regulated, all is done in order.

I was momentarily embarrassed and self-conscious when first I found myself rubbing shoulders with gentlemen in spiked helmets. During the past four months I had seen them only as prisoners or dead men, and their only greetings had been by way of their shells and bombs.

After an all-day trip from Leopoldshöhe down the Rhine Valley I arrived in Mannheim, where I am to remain over-night, as I have letters which I am instructed to leave with our Consul in this

town. Donait stopped off *en route* for a day to visit the old family homestead from which his ancestors emigrated to America. I arrived safely in Mannheim about ten o'clock, went to the Park Hotel, which I selected from Baedeker, got an excellent room, and went immediately to bed.

Mannheim, Wednesday, December 2d. At half-past seven this morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by a pounding at my door. I climbed sleepily out of bed and, in pajamas, opened the door to two extremely polite and suave Secret Service men who, nevertheless, examined my papers with the greatest thoroughness and as carefully cross-questioned me as to my race, color, and previous condition. They asked to see my dispatches, whose seals they studied in order to be certain that I was really carrying some sort of official messages. Having listened with close attention to my story, they asked me out of a clear sky where Donait was and why he had left me. They capped the climax by reminding me that at Leopoldshöhe I had told the sergeant we were bound for Berlin, which was exactly what I had told him, not having considered the brief stop

at Mannheim of sufficient importance to be mentioned. When they had received a satisfactory explanation of the discrepancy (the conversation having staggered along in German, of which my knowledge is limited) they thanked me politely and withdrew. I dressed, had breakfast, and presented myself at the Consulate just before the opening hour at ten.

I was received by the Vice-Consul, Mr. Cochrane, and had not been in the Consulate five minutes when the police office called him up by telephone and asked politely if I was "all right." It was my first lesson with the German Secret Service, but the only one I needed to prove that while I was in Germany my every move was noted and that I was to be constantly under police surveillance.

After delivering my packages to the Consulate I waited until after dinner for Donait, with whom I am to leave for Berlin at nine o'clock. I took luncheon with Vice-Consul Cochrane, spent the afternoon sightseeing in the streets of the city, and dined with Consul Leishman and his wife.

Berlin, Thursday, December 3d. Donait and I had a whole compartment to ourselves last night,

which shows how normally German railroads are running. We arrived in Berlin at eight o'clock this morning, bathed, dressed, and had breakfast, at eleven o'clock presented ourselves at the American Embassy and delivered our precious dispatch pouch to Mr. Grew, the First Secretary.

I was surprised and much pleased to find that an old playmate, Charles Russell, was Private Secretary to Ambassador Gerard, a position in which he has achieved a great success.

Our duty discharged, we hastened to take our first walk along the famous Unter den Linden. The city of Berlin is well laid out, with wide avenues and numerous and ample park spaces, some of them very large, but the architecture of the city is a jumble of heavy, clumsy, gloomy buildings, fussed up with most extraordinarily crude and grotesque details. For an architect to be in Berlin is next door to being in hell.

Our Military Attaché, Major Langhorne, has been at the front almost continuously since the beginning of operations. In his absence, we called upon the Naval Attaché. I also called at the American Consulate to leave dispatches and found that the Vice-Consul had been one of my class-

mates at Yale. He remembered me as "Fish Wood" the runner, and probably in true Yale spirit considered my occupation of Attaché much less important.

The present conditions in Berlin are as unknown to the outside world as are the domestic affairs of China. In order not to make too many diplomatic *faux pas*, I spent the first day talking with the men whom I knew and in accumulating useful data as to danger points. As one in Germany senses efficiency, one as quickly becomes conscious of the all-seeing eye and the all-guiding hand of the Government. We have nothing like that in America, and for an American in France there is no such supervision. Life in Prussia is at present, for the diplomat of a neutral country, much like skating on thin ice. Several of the younger diplomats in Berlin have unconsciously committed acts considered indiscreet by the German Government, and so ended their usefulness in Germany.

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It is a mistake to suppose that there are dissensions or differences of opinion in the German nation, or that the Kaiser or the military party has imposed war on the people. In modern times

it would not be possible for even an absolute monarch to force an unwilling people into such a momentous step. The German Government is the product and expression of the German people. They have made it and, having created it, they are proud of their work. The Emperor is in popular estimation not much lower than God Almighty, and the two seem inextricably mingled in the public mind. The world-wide amusement created by "Me und Gott," or by the Emperor's firm conviction that he and he alone is worthy of divine aid and approval, is an amusement not shared by any Germans. If you say to them, "the Emperor seems to think the German people are the one race chosen of God and that He works only for them and their advancement," the Germans will promptly and emphatically reply: "why, of course; all our past history proves that." The God they appeal to, however, is the God of Battles of the Old Testament and of the ancient Hebrews, who slew His enemies, destroyed nations, and annihilated races, who was cruel and vindictive.

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The German nation is, up to this date, but little cramped by the war. The people and the army

lack for nothing. All the shops, hotels, restaurants, theaters, and dance halls in Berlin are open and well patronized. Several million men fit for military service have not yet been called out, because they are not needed. At the front they have such a great body of infantry that a certain proportion of them are by turns given a vacation and allowed to return to their homes. The German officers say that Germany did not count on a speedy termination of the war; they even believe that it may last four years and face this possibility with courage and with confidence of final victory. As for the famine conditions, I did not accept German opinion about the abundance or price of food supplies, but myself asked prices in shops and public markets and in various restaurants and hotels—all sure thermometers of any rise in the price of food.

If Germany ever pleads famine it will be for some purpose of diplomacy. In times of peace she raises each year more than she can herself consume and is an exporter of food-stuffs. This year she had a good crop, and, needless to say, it was, with characteristic efficiency, entirely harvested. She has retained for her own use the surplus usually

exported. Every possible lack that war might bring had been anticipated and provided for, or a substitute suggested. The country does not produce as much wheat as she consumes, but German scientists have produced a potato flour which, when mixed with wheat, makes excellent bread, as I myself can testify. Potatoes are plentiful, as Germany usually exports large quantities.

The army appears to lack nothing. Military necessities like wool, lead, gasoline, nitrates, ammunition, accoutrements, and hospital supplies they seem to have in superabundance.

Berlin, Friday, December 4th. William Iselin left Paris with dispatches for London and Berlin at the same time that we started via Berne.

In Berlin, restaurants, cafés, theaters, and concerts are going at full blast. Donait, Iselin, and I, who have for months been working like dogs in Paris, which is as dull as a country village and where cafés close at eight and restaurants at nine and no places of amusement are open other than a few poor cinemas, are thoroughly enjoying the contrast. We three dined together at a splendid

establishment where we ate many elaborate courses while listening to a good band and watching an excellent variety show, which lasted until eleven. From then until two we wandered about to various dance and supper establishments.

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All the banks in Berlin are open and will pay out gold in certain limited quantities to anyone who wishes to go to a foreign country. Gold brings par and no more. Auto-busses are running everywhere and many private automobiles are seen on the street which have not been requisitioned by the government. Trams and subways also run at all hours. In short, the life of the city seems to be pretty nearly normal. The only signs of war disasters are the convalescent wounded soldiers who walk about the streets.

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One is impressed by the virility and vigor of the Germans as a race. Their national spirit also is wonderful, exceeded only perhaps by that of the Japanese. People who one day read the announcement of the death of a son, a father, or a brother, are seen the next day in the streets or cafés going about quietly, expressing or betraying neither

sorrow nor regret. The loved one has died "für Gott, für König, und für Vaterland." That is glory enough, and neither the Emperor nor the people feel that it is appropriate to mourn for one who has died for his country.

Saturday, December 5th. I went this morning with Donait to inspect the prison camp at Zossen, which is about forty kilometers from Berlin and holds at present twenty thousand French soldiers, guarded by fifteen hundred of the Landsturm. Their camp was surrounded by three lines of very high and effective barbed-wire fences. In each of the alleys between these fences German sentinels paced back and forth. The prisoners seemed to me to be excellently cared for and were healthy, well-fed, and fairly contented. They were physically better off than they would be in muddy trenches at the front. They have all been given some kind of work to do, such as caring for their own prison camps, cooking, and building sheds for themselves or barracks for the German army. We saw a procession of about two thousand who came in from a near-by forest carrying tremendous bundles of faggots for firewood. As they marched

they were singing, with a good deal of spontaneous gusto, a ribald French song. We considered their condition a great credit to their captors.

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We were shown the famous great parade ground of Berlin. It is an immense field, quite flat, beautifully turfed, and about one and a half miles square. In one corner is about one-third of a square mile of pine woods with little rolling hills and an imitation forest country where troops can be drilled in skirmish formation. Young soldiers were being trained thereon in advancing in echelons and in taking up well-hidden firing-line positions.

The regular army of Germany as it has been recruited each year has absorbed just over half of the eligible men of the nation. Military service therefore has by no means been universal, and there are several million men of military age who have never been utilized. Over two million of the latter have volunteered since August, only two hundred and thirty thousand of whom have as yet been accepted for training. In addition not all of the regular army has yet been brought into service.

The German officers have, since the opening of the war, adapted themselves to changed conditions with unexpected flexibility. They immediately relaxed their ordinary overbearing manner and assumed a closer relationship with the private soldiers. They do not, as their enemies report, drive their men but they themselves lead to battle. They are idolized by the nation as a whole and by the army in particular. They do not address the soldiers of the rank and file in the second person singular, but in the more respectful second person plural.

The Kaiser has already awarded thirty-eight thousand iron crosses. He takes the ground that he is nevertheless maintaining the standard of 1870. He says that the numbers now involved are so much larger and the demands in courage and endurance so much greater that thousands deserve to be decorated in the present conflict where hundreds won the honor in the Franco-Prussian war.

I lunched today with Commander Gherardi, the Naval Attaché, in order to discuss with him what we had each seen of the war on the western front. He is making an important study of opera-

tions on the eastern battle-lines and has several times been to the front.

Today I was told that although it was impossible to go into Belgium to observe operations, it was probable that I would soon be sent to Brussels with dispatches to the American Minister, Brand Whitlock.

I have recently been introduced to many very interesting Germans, both diplomats and officers, and have obtained many valuable ideas. The reply I receive whenever I ask Germans what they want and expect to gain in this war, and what terms of peace they, at present, hope to secure, is almost invariably the same. They all say: "we will never give up Belgium; we mean to keep Poland; we would like to have Calais and hope eventually to get it, but . . ." They point out that they have so far constantly taken the offensive rôle, which must often fail in modern war, being by far the more difficult part to play. They declare with conviction that when once they take the defensive they can never be beaten back. They cite the fact that for the last three months they have on the Aisne in temporary positions maintained an unbroken front, despite the per-

sistent efforts of the Allies to drive them back. They add that except Calais and Warsaw they now hold virtually everything they want, and to keep it permanently they need only to stand on the defensive.

A few weeks of victory or defeat will naturally modify their present ambitions. From a material standpoint it is difficult to refute their argument, but moral and sentimental reasons have before now turned the tide against the "strongest battalions," despite Napoleon's verdict. Germany herself begins to suspect that her brutal invasion of Belgium has turned the moral sentiment of the world against her, and that her defeat would grieve few people not of German birth.

Berlin, Sunday, December 6th. About the atrocities in Belgium there is, apparently, no question, but considering the way the Germans controlled themselves in France, some explanation of their brutality farther north in Belgian Flanders is necessary. The Germans say that the cruelties were not all on one side; that the Belgians practised sniping, impeded the German army, and mutilated German wounded. The only one of

these charges that seems to have been proved is that of sniping, but even if other cruelties were committed it must be remembered that the moral status of the Belgians was entirely different from that of the Germans. The Belgians were aroused to blind fury by the disregard of their neutrality rights and the unwarranted invasion of their peaceful country. Even from Germans I have heard no excuses for the violation of Belgium which might not have been equally well put forward by a needy burglar who breaks into an unprotected house and plunders it after bludgeoning its helpless inmates. Is it remarkable that the liberty-loving Belgian peasant who saw his home destroyed or his family abused, knew no sufficient reason why he should stand supinely by and welcome the destroyer? More brave than wise, too furious to reason calmly, he did what he could to retaliate, which is against the rules of war. Consequently a merciless foe inflicted the uttermost penalty upon him, his family, and the whole region in which he lived. The world has never witnessed more frightful and disproportionate punishments.

The Germans on the other hand were morally in quite a different case. They were the aggressors,

the treaty breakers, and the invaders of a peaceful country of neighbors and friends. Their part was to be tolerant and to make allowance for individual violations of the rules of war. The world at large will never concede that occasional instances of sniping can justify the destruction of whole villages, the execution of thousands of men, and the violation of thousands of women. When our American marines occupied Vera Cruz similar instances of sniping were frequent. Our men did not, however, burn, kill, rape, and pillage. They were forced to fire at the custom-house because it was occupied by snipers and in so doing they incidentally damaged the tower of the building. After the fighting was over, the Americans felt such regret for even this necessary bit of destruction that they rebuilt what their shells had damaged. Their only retaliatory action was to shoot snipers when they were caught red-handed.

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Monday, December 7th. The German infantry, after spending a certain length of time at the front, are given a vacation and sent home. I could not ascertain the exact length of their stay in the trenches although it seems to be about a

month. The artillery stay continuously on the battle-line as their work is less arduous and nerve-racking, since they are always somewhat toward the rear and usually well housed. Moreover, they fire only occasionally and have long periods of inactivity. The cavalry spends one week in action and then one week in the rear, some ten or fifteen miles behind the firing-line.

Recently I had a long conversation with a German statesman of ambassadorial rank, who spoke with intense feeling of the plight of the thousands of German subjects, men, women, and children, who had been caught in France at the opening of the war and interned in detention camps. He said: "It is ridiculous for the French to suspect any of these people of being spies, for German spies are not weak or unprotected, but strong, picked men and women, highly trained to make technical observations. In the present scientific age untechnical observations are valueless. When I was Minister Plenipotentiary at —— there were many thousands of German subjects in that city and not one of them could have given me information of any possible value to our great General Staff. German spies in France are neutral or

French in nationality, or pretend to be such, and they all carry unimpeachable papers. For a man to admit frankly and openly that he is a German is proof enough that he is not a spy. We in Germany recognize this and do not shut up alien enemies who frankly announce their nationality."

It was not fitting that I should enter into diplomatic discussion with a high German official, but if I had been talking as man to man, I could have reminded him that the spy panic which seized Paris at the outbreak of the war was entirely the fault of Germany herself, for it is an open secret that her spy system is her pet weapon of offense; her enemies therefore, naturally, see a spy in every Teuton. It is also well understood that, spy or no spy, every German man, woman, and child is admonished, when traveling in foreign countries, to "watch, record, and report anything of interest to the German Government."

All the accusations that have been brought against France, that she did not properly provide for her interned prisoners, that she did not adequately care for her own wounded or the wounded of her enemy, that she did not give efficient support

to her English allies on the retreat from Mons to Compiègne, resolve themselves into one conclusion, that she did not want or expect instant war and was not prepared for all the emergencies which the German attack precipitated. But all the world knows that she speedily supplied deficiencies and remedied defects with great ability and indomitable courage.

In saying that alien civilians in Germany were not interned in prison camps the German diplomat evidently thought I knew nothing about the vile detention camps at Ruhleben and of the English men and women who are there incarcerated to suffer beyond anything that the Germans ever endured in France.

Tuesday, December 8th. I went to the American Embassy this morning to obtain the necessary paper for my departure tomorrow for Vienna. Mr. Grew called me into his private office and said that Ambassador Gerard was particularly anxious that I should go to London instead as he had dispatches of the utmost importance to send and would feel indebted to me if I could take them. He warned me that the under-

taking would not be pleasant or altogether safe. I promptly accepted the mission,—indeed such requests are, in the Army, the Navy, and the Diplomatic Service, made only to be accepted. I am to leave Berlin Thursday morning at 8:59 and go through Germany and Holland to Flushing, where I shall take a boat across the North Sea to Folkestone and thence to our Embassy in London.

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This evening I looked over the casualty lists posted on the walls of an official building. These lists are published on numerous very large sheets of white paper. Each sheet has three columns in fine print. The names are grouped by regiments and companies, so that all the casualties of one company appear together; each name is given in full, is prefixed by the rank, and followed by the nature of the casualty, which is one of five things: Gefallen (fallen, killed); schwer verwundet (badly wounded); verwundet (wounded); leicht verwundet (lightly wounded); vermisst (missing). A casualty list is published every day, comprising from forty to fifty of the above-mentioned sheets, each sheet containing nearly three hundred names.

The last seven sheets were as follows:

No. 90	published	Dec.	1—40	sheets
91	"	"	2—50	"
92	"	"	3—52	"
93	"	"	4—44	"
94	"	"	5—52	"
95	"	"	6—48	"
96	"	"	8—48	"

This gives a rate of more than 12,000 casualties a day. The lists are complete up to October 30th. Only the last ten lists are kept posted and thus tonight there were numbers 87–96. The sheets of these ten lists were posted in a double row on the outside wall of the building along the sidewalk. They extended the length of a block and then around the corner another block. As the columns of one regiment finished, those of the next commenced. I copied the record of a battalion chosen at random.

Eighty-second Bavarian Casualty List
11th Infantry Regiment of Regensburg
Third Battalion

(Here followed a list of places and dates of actions in which the Regiment had taken part):

Faxe, August 20th; Manhouè, August 23d; Maize and Drouville, August 25th; Tourbeffeaus, Sept. 7th to 9th; Spada, Sept. 24th; St. Mihiel, Sept. 28th and Oct. 7th to 24th; Ailly, Oct. 1st and 2d; Han-sur-Meuse (date illegible).

(Then followed a detailed list of casualties suffered by the four companies of the battalion):

Company 9 had a list of 148 casualties, of which 18 were killed, 35 missing, 42 wounded and badly wounded, and 43 slightly wounded;

Company 10 followed with a list of 146 names, of which 19 were killed, 51 missing, 66 wounded and badly wounded, and 46 slightly wounded;

The Eleventh Company with a list of 188 names.

The Twelfth Company with a list of 143 names;

A German battalion is composed of four companies of 250 men each. Thus among one thousand men there were more than six hundred casualties in the first three months of the war, and this seemed to be about an average list. These lists take no account of those who "died of wounds," and "missing" is usually a polite way of saying "dead." It means that the man was too badly hurt to escape, to be helped by his comrades, or to crawl back, and probably was left "between

the lines" to die. This explains what at first appears to be a singularly small percentage of killed.

Berlin, Wednesday, December 9th. This afternoon I made my final arrangements for the trip to London. Whenever a special messenger departs with dispatches from the Embassy a Jäger accompanies him to the train, carries the mail-bags and pouch, and sees him safely settled in his compartment. When he arrives at his final destination another Jäger from the Embassy to which he is going meets him at the station.

CHAPTER IX

CARRYING DISPATCHES FROM BERLIN TO LONDON

Thursday, December 10th. Soon after the train left Berlin this morning I judged that I was being shadowed. When it pulled out of the station there were four people, including myself, in the six-place compartment, the two middle seats being vacant, one on my left as I sat next the window and the other diagonally facing me. Soon after the train was well started two men came in and occupied these seats. This in itself was suspicious, since people do not seek seats while a train is in motion. Both moreover had the air of being detectives. I, by this time, know the type well, for I have been constantly shadowed ever since my arrival in Germany and am perfectly certain that my rooms have several times been searched while I was absent. I simply continued to behave with the greatest possible circumspection, the

two detectives meanwhile staring at me constantly with fixed intensity.

It was a bit unpleasant because I did not certainly know the nature of the dispatches I carried, but realized that they were extremely important. They were in a small leather mail pouch, padlocked and sealed, which I had set on the floor between my feet and knees. Everything went quietly for some two hours. I could not look out of the window in towns and yards because I might have seen troop-trains, factories, etc., and that would have been "indiscreet." The part of Germany from Berlin to Holland is utterly flat and uninteresting, so that there was no pleasure in looking at the countryside between stations. I pretended to doze, or read three German weeklies which I had bought. One of these finally precipitated matters. It was the *Fliegende Blätter*, a comic paper of about the class of *Life* or *Punch*. There was in it a joke in German argot which had been too much for my scant knowledge of the language and the courier who had escorted me from the Embassy had by the merest hazard translated it for me. In my desperate efforts to amuse myself I was looking through this sheet

again and encountering this joke thought, "If I don't write down the English I shall forget it." Whereupon I took out a pencil and wrote the translation interlinearly.

Soon afterwards one of the detectives got up, went out into the corridor, and came back with three conductors who, in Germany, of course, are military officials. The three civilians who had shared the compartment left us as if they had been rehearsed. One of the detectives then suddenly burst into a perfect berserker rage, getting quite purple in the face, and snatching up the *Fliegende Blätter* proceeded carefully to turn over the pages again and again, holding each page against the light. It was altogether melodramatically ridiculous. Taking the paper from me in this way, although offensive, was perhaps within his rights since it concerned me only in a personal and not in an official way, and so I sat quite calmly in my seat and, biding my time, made no move of any kind. I paid no attention to the conductors, judging the detective to be the kingpin and the conductors merely dragged in as a matter of routine. None of them could read English and they chose to regard the interlinea-

tion (one line of about ten words) as extraordinarily suspicious.

The detective asked me for my passports and did so without going through the customary formality of showing his police card. I demanded as a matter of routine that he do this and began to draw out of my pocket the large envelope in which I keep all my documents in order to take out my Eagle-stamped German courier's paper. Without complying with my request he grabbed for this envelope, while at the same moment someone jerked at the bag which was between my knees. All this was an affair totally different from that of the *Fliegende Blätter*. I had thoroughly thought out what I would do in an emergency if German officials should attempt to take my pouch from me, and had decided that I should make enough of a resistance so that there should be no possibility of disputing the fact that physical force had been used and an assault committed. This would "let me out," since a dispatch-bearer cannot be expected successfully to defend himself against the whole Germany army. Incidentally I might add that interference in any way with the dispatch-bearer of a neutral country is a very heinous

international and diplomatic sin. I therefore jerked my envelope of papers rudely out of the detective's hand and gave him a vigorous shove, resisting an almost overwhelming temptation to hit him with all my might on his fat, unprotected jaw. I had half risen to my feet, meanwhile keeping a grip on the dispatch bag with my knees, and at the same time I vigorously swung my hips and freed myself from the man below. The detective struck the opposite wall of the compartment and bounced off toward the doorway, where he and the conductors stood jabbering and waving their arms and ever getting more and more purple in the face.

Finally the detective showed his police card, and I then extended to them my Eagle-stamped courier passport, following it with my Embassy credential and my certificate of identity or personal passport. These three made a complete case and I refused to show anything more, insisting that my status had been adequately established. The officials continued to jabber and argue, having been continuously impolite during the entire episode, a mode of behavior which was a notable divergence from my previous experi-

ences with agents of the Imperial Secret Service. The chief detective, whose name was Werther, continued to hang around, trying to talk with me, evidently determined to get further information about my plans.

I do not pretend to judge whether all this was mere accidental clumsiness and rudeness on the part of stupid detectives or if it was something very much deeper, prompted by someone higher up. One is, however, inclined to doubt inefficiency in the Prussian Secret Service and there may have been reasons why German authorities would count it of great importance to know the contents of my pouch.

At the Embassy in Berlin I had been told to change trains at a place called Löhne where I was to arrive at two o'clock. Just before reaching this point, the conductor came through and told me that it would be much more convenient for me to stay on the train until Essen, that this would give me one less change in my journey to Flushing, and that it was altogether a better route. (I must remark that, besides the bag in hand, I had in the baggage car all the routine mail for the State Department in Washington, amounting to some

two hundred and fifty pounds in two big leather mail-sacks.) Although I replied that I thought it better to change at Löhne anyway, the conductor insisted upon my following his plan. He was backed up by the detective, who, except for various goings out and in, had remained facing me. They informed me that in any event my mail-bags in the baggage car would go through to Essen. As by this time the train was already slowing up for the station at Löhne, I accepted the inevitable.

Essen is not on the most direct route to Goch where one crosses the German border into Holland, and in consequence I arrived in Goch via Essen much too late to catch the last train from there to Flushing. Since boats leave Flushing only once a day, early in the morning, I had to lose one whole day and was compelled to remain another night on German soil.

I do not pretend to offer any explanation for these strange happenings. I was followed constantly thereafter, as previously, the men being cleverly changed at every opportunity. My every step was dogged. At Wesel a detective sat at the same table in the station restaurant while I ate

dinner. Such being the case I was, to say the least, a bit annoyed.

At Essen during a fifteen-minute wait for a change of trains, I withdrew to one end of the platform after having rechecked the two big mail-sacks. I was standing alone, with a detective, as usual, off in the background, when a man who looked a typical raw-boned Englishman drew near and hung around, staring at me. I looked him up and down and then turned my back thinking, "Another detective!" It was impossible to believe that an Englishman could be, of all places, in Essen. He finally approached me, saying in English of a most perfect and pronounced British accent, "Are you an American?" I replied, "Yes, are you a police officer? If so, please show me your card." He replied, "No, I am in a delicate position. I am trying to go to England this evening. I have American papers. You must see me through. I am ——." I cut him short by saying that I regretted, etc., and deliberately walked away. From that time on this man dogged me everywhere, trying to pass through gates with me and to get into the same compartments, even following me to the same

hotels and restaurants, and trying to make anything he could out of my presence. I never lost sight of him for long until we finally set foot in England, where he did finally arrive, in spite of some very close shaves. I last saw him giving me a very ugly look as I landed at Folkestone. Whatever his nationality, he certainly was a spy in the German service.

An uneventful journey of some four hours across Holland brought me to Vlissingen, as the Dutch call Flushing, and there I spent the afternoon, wandering about in boredom, trying to pass away the slow hours until the boat arrived and I could climb into my berth.

London, Saturday, December 12th. We had an exciting trip across the North Sea, taking zigzag courses to avoid mine-fields and sighting numerous destroyers and one sunken ship. We successfully avoided either hitting a mine or running into a torpedo. The boat was packed down with Belgian and French refugees. One Luxembourger had been a whole month getting to Flushing from his home in Belgium. I was much relieved when I arrived at Victoria Station with my

pouch and found a clerk from the Embassy waiting for me, and still more relieved when we had deposited all the bags safely at their destination.

Sunday, December 13th. I went to the Embassy this morning for a conference with the American Military Attachés; and later took luncheon with one of the Secretaries. I had cabled to Paris to have my mail sent on to meet me in London, but it did not arrive; I have, therefore, had no letters from home in some weeks. I cannot telegraph to America details of my future plans. Imagine the face of any British telegraph operator if I were to hand him a cable saying: "I am leaving again for Berlin and Vienna," which is exactly what I am to do. I return immediately with dispatches from England to our Embassies in Germany and Austria. My plans are subject to modification by official orders, but I shall probably remain in Berlin only one day and then go to Vienna and Budapest. The bag I am to take to Berlin contains not only official dispatches, but a large sum of money.

England has well prepared herself for a Zep-

pelin raid. Every skylight and the top of every street lamp in London is painted black.

Tuesday, December 15th. An officer of the staff has given me an interesting theory as to the disconcerting effect produced by the bursting of the big German shells on the morale of the troops—how disconcerted no one can imagine who has not himself experienced it. He was himself near such a shell when it exploded. It rendered him unconscious. He was blind for some time, deaf for two weeks, and suffered from loss of memory for over a month,—and all this without any surgical wound. He thinks the nervous effect produced by the explosions at a distance is due in a lesser degree to the same sort of shock. On one occasion a number of big shells exploded in succession a hundred yards from a trench; and although no one was wounded or suffered any physical injury, such was the demoralizing effect of the nervous shock that all the men in the trench fled and did not recover balance until they had run a quarter of a mile. Meeting a staff officer and receiving from him a stiff reprimand they all returned to their posts.

THE BRITISH DESTROYER ON THE NORTH SEA

[Just after she " brought us to " with a blank shot]

The whole episode took place without any casualties.

I leave for Folkestone this evening, where I spend the night on board ship. The boat sails for Flushing after daybreak.

On the North Sea, December 16th. It has been a wonderful stormy day today; as an officer said: "a typical North Sea winter day"—a leaden sky, roaring wind, smothers of rain, great black-green waves all flecked and blotched in white, big sea birds and little gulls dipping down the wave valleys and soaring up the wave mountains, and the ship taking the most foolish and impossible angles. It was an odd thing to see the gulls which followed the ship, all pointing the other way, in order to maintain their position relatively to the boat and against the heavy wind coming up from astern. At lunch the dishes jumped the racks and smashed along the floor; on the return heave all the fragments rushed back the entire width of the dining saloon. Eating was difficult.

Two hours out a British destroyer came dashing up in our wake, making two feet to our one. She was a most picturesque sight, long, low, and

speedy, painted black; her towering knife-prow thrust out in front and the long, low hull strung out behind. She "brought us to" with a shot across the bows, and as we wallowed in the trough of the sea, she went by to starboard fairly shaving our side. The officer on her bridge, over which great waves of spray and water broke at every moment, "looked us over" and then bellowed orders to our Captain through a megaphone. My unpractised ear could not through the roar of the wind and the slap of the waves catch all he had to say, but it was something about submarines and a naval battle to the northward and orders to change and take a different course through the mine fields.[1] Whereupon we pursued a very zigzag course. In a moment we would turn 120 degrees and proceed for miles on the new tack. We took at one time or another nearly all directions of the compass. Sometimes the smoke from the funnels went off straight at right angles to our course; at others it preceded us.

[1] It was on this morning that the German fleet bombarded the towns on the east coast of England.

CHAPTER X

VIENNA

Vienna, Saturday, December 19th. I remained in Berlin only one day and started this morning for Vienna with dispatches, arriving late in the evening after an uneventful fourteen-hour journey.

Sunday, December 20th. I presented myself at the American Embassy this morning, delivered my dispatches, and had a conference with Mr. Grant-Smith, the First Secretary. At luncheon I met Colonel Biddle, an officer in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, who has recently arrived in Austria in order to go to the front as a military observer. The afternoon and evening I spent with Captain Briggs, Military Attaché at the Embassy, studying and comparing the military methods of the eastern and western fronts. Captain Briggs has collected, with an energy and intelligence that can fairly be called amazing, an

immense quantity of valuable military information relative to the operations and practices of the Russian, German, Austro-Hungarian, and Serbian armies.

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The Austrian army officers and privates suffer by comparison with the Germans. The soldiers one sees in the streets of Berlin are big, husky, strong, healthy creatures, with jowls hanging over their collars. The officers are clean-cut, keen-eyed, and in splendid health and training. Austria seems distraught and unready for emergencies, the people are not as keen for the war as the Germans and appear to be more indifferent as to its results. I am predicting that the end of the war will see Japan, Italy, and Roumania gainers, and Belgium, Turkey, and Austria losers, while Germany and England will be approximately in the same positions as before the war. Russia has relatively little to gain or lose.

Monday, December 21st. I had a walk and talk with Ambassador Penfield this morning; took luncheon with Mr. Grant-Smith and went afterward to the Embassy. Later in the after-

noon I went with Count Colloredo von Mansfeld to the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office and then called on the Countess Potatka to whom I had brought letters of introduction.

Tuesday, December 22d. After luncheon today Mr. Grant-Smith presented me to Wilhelm Prince zu Stollberg Wering Rode, Conseiller of the German Embassy in Vienna, who made an appointment with me for Thursday.

I am meeting many officials, American, German, and Austrian, but at present I cannot, without indiscretion, state just what they discuss.

I went today to the Wiener Bank Verein with Mr. Grant-Smith who wished to arrange some safe deposit boxes for the Embassy. The building is said to be the most beautiful bank building in the world, and I can easily believe it. Knowing my professional interest in architecture, Mr. Grant-Smith asked the Director to show me the building, which he most kindly did, taking me from top to bottom—a privilege I am told seldom granted to anyone, and for which I was very grateful.

Austria-Hungary is an extraordinary country. I doubt if anything like it exists in this our day

and generation. The Emperor-King is everything. He could well say without exaggeration "L'État c'est Moi!" The common people really look upon the king as divine. Socialism and democracy do not exist,—the words seem to have no real meaning for his subjects; and Parliaments are but his dutiful servants. Lese-majesty is almost unheard of because the idea of questioning the Emperor-King or anything he does would no more occur to his subjects than to doubt the Immaculate Conception would occur to a devout Catholic.

And what an extraordinary old man—what a relic of past ages this Emperor-King Franz Josef is! He ascended the throne at the epoch of our war with Mexico, he had reigned nearly two decades at the termination of our Civil War. He refutes and blights the theories of Dr. Osler. Two successive heirs to the throne have died or been killed off, but he "goes on forever." He is personally a very devout Catholic, but apparently has seldom or never allowed himself to be politically dictated to by the Vatican. When he learned of the recent ignominious defeat of his armies by the Serbians and of the retaking of Belgrade, the old man first burst into a furious rage and then

sat down with elbows on the table, his head in his hands, and prayed for forgiveness and future successes.

In Austria's history one discovers no victories. She is an unusual and pliant State to survive so many defeats. One finds her the easy prey of Frederick the Great, the pet victim of Louis XIV., the foe against whom Napoleon made his first youthful efforts and the vanquished of his prime, the defeated foe of Napoleon III., the vanquished tyrant of Italy united, the loser in Prussia's Thirty Days' War of 1867, and now the gradual loser against Russia's wild, numberless hordes. She has already lost all of Galicia and stands with her back to the Carpathians and has been held off on equal terms by Serbia these four months past. A supine State, she is always defeated, and yet always remains and ever grows.

Austrian money is now greatly depreciated. In ordinary times one gets about 487 crowns for $100, while today one obtains 575. American money has at present the highest rate of exchange.

Wednesday, December 23d. This morning I had a most interesting interview with Count Szecsen,

the Austrian ex-Ambassador to France, and spent the afternoon in conference with Captain Briggs.

Thursday, December 24th. I made a verbal report to Prince zu Stollberg this morning on the situation of German subjects in France. After luncheon I had a most interesting talk with Mr. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, of Mexican fame, who is Conseiller at the Embassy. Later I went for a most delightful automobile ride with Ambassador Penfield, who showed me the Prater, the Danube, the Basin, the Exposition Building, and the Ring. Afterward Mr. Thomas Hinckley, the second secretary, took me to see the Christmas tree in the American Hospital, all ready for tomorrow's fête for the wounded soldiers.

Friday, December 25th. It seems very *triste* to be way off next to Asia on Christmas Day, on the day when one most wants to be at home. However, I had two Christmas feasts and a warm welcome into two American homes. I took luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy and dinner with Captain and Mrs. Briggs,

enjoyable visits that made a happy day out of what would otherwise have been a very sad one.

In Vienna, as in Berlin, the fashionable hours are very late and one is more or less forced to follow them. Nothing happens before noon and evening entertainments end somewhere in the early morning hours.

Sunday, December 27th. This morning I was allowed by special permission to visit the Imperial Museum, which is closed to the public on account of the war. I took luncheon with Mr. Cardeza, Attaché to the Embassy, and dined with Mr. O'Shaughnessy. The American diplomats in Vienna and Berlin generally have been very much isolated since the war began, and in each place the corps has become much like a big family whose members see a great deal of one another.

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Count Berchtold, whom I have seen on several occasions, is a wiry man of medium height, always grave, intent and all-observing under a mask of stolidity. He never "talks" and seldom speaks. When he does he is terse and speaks out of one corner of his mouth as if reluctant to let the words

escape. He is, however, noted for the most unfailing and perfect manners. It is said he can hear perfectly every separate conversation that may be carried on in any room where he happens to be present, and not only hears what is spoken but catches every little motion or hint of important matters. Such is the man whose hand struck the match that lit the long-prepared conflagration in which the total military casualties alone already far exceed five million.

Monday, December 28th. I went again to the Imperial Museum this morning and later took luncheon with the Count Colloredo von Mansfeld, to meet Conseiller Black Pasha of the Turkish Embassy. Conferences at the Embassy with Captain Briggs, Mr. Grant-Smith, and Mr. Hinckley.

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The man who did as much to bring about this war as any single agency was the German Ambassador to Vienna, Heinrich von Tschirski und Bögendorff.

I sent home today by cable our code-word "greetings" as a New Year's message. It goes

through the Embassy here in Vienna and the State Department at Washington. It cost me eighteen crowns, but I know it will be worth many times that to my family, as it must be some weeks now since they have had news from me.

CHAPTER XI

HUNGARY

Budapest, Tuesday, December 29th. I left Vienna at nine o'clock this morning and reached Budapest at two. I had tea with Mrs. Gerard, who is in Budapest visiting her sister, Countess Sigray. I called at the home of Count Albert Apponyi to leave my card and letters of introduction. I dined with Mrs. Gerard and the Count and Countess Sigray.

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The great Hungarian plain, bounded by the Carpathians on the east and by the Danube and the Save on the south has been inhabited by the Hungarian people for more than a thousand years. The inhabitants of this plain number about sixteen millions at the present time. They pride themselves upon the fact that they have maintained their national entity since the Ninth Century, although they have stood alone and exposed in the middle of Europe, without any of the geographical

Ó-KIGYÓS

[The Castle of the Countess W——]

advantages which accrue from a situation of insular isolation such as has been enjoyed by the English.

The world in general insists in thinking of Hungary as an Austrian province and in counting Austria-Hungary one country, whose name has been hyphenated with the sole purpose of inconveniencing conversation in foreign countries. As a matter of fact, Hungary and Austria are two distinct nations, inhabited by antagonistic races who speak different languages and hold different ideals. The Hungarians are of Magyar descent and speak a beautiful, musical language, while the Austrians are a mixture of many races whose common tongue is a borrowed, unclassical German. Each country has its own government, its own parliament, and its own cabinet officers. The Hungarian nobility regard the Austrian nobles as mere upstarts. Nothing is so displeasing to a Hungarian as to be called an Austrian, or to be told that Austrians and Hungarians are one and the same people.

Surrounded by three powerful enemies, the Turks, the Austrians, and the Slavs, they have not succeeded in continuously maintaining their liberty

during the ten centuries of their existence as a nation. They came under the domination of the Turks during the sixteenth century, but under the leadership of Prince Eugene they with the assistance of Austria succeeded in liberating themselves in 1716. In 1848 they were subjugated by Austria assisted by Russia and ever since that time have looked forward with confident anticipation to the day when they may be strong enough to become again an independent nation. The diplomats, statesmen, and scholars of their noble families have labored so astutely and successfully towards this end, that the state of bondage which succeeded the conquest of 1848 has gradually and by successive moves been lightened, until today their relations with Austria may be approximated by the statement that Franz Josef, King of Hungary, happens to be at the same time Emperor of Austria, and that the two nations have a close defensive and offensive military alliance. In order to promote the efficiency of this alliance, their War and Foreign Relations ministries are united into single organizations. There is one Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, but there are separate Ministers of Education, Agriculture, etc. History

shows that the salvation of Hungary has often depended upon the ability of her leaders to play their three powerful neighbors against one another.

In the present war they are making use of alliances with Austria and Turkey, the two most decadent of their three historic enemies, in order to stem the onrush of Russia, their third and most powerful antagonist. They are a people ever faithful to their alliances even to the point of unselfishness.

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Thursday, December 31st. Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen. The great Danube, deep, magnificent, and rapid—500 yards wide—flows by, with Buda on its right bank and Pest on its left. Great hills sheer out of the water and on them are the government buildings and the Royal Palace. The humbler structures cluster in the valleys between the hills. Most of the architecture of the town is very good and the worst of it is better than the average elsewhere. The river, spanned by four handsome bridges, is skirted on either side by drives and official buildings; museums and expensive hotels face these drives. The city is in every way very modern,

with broad avenues, excellent street-car systems, and clean, well-lit streets.

Friday, January 1, 1915. I spent today in sightseeing,—the first day in several weeks that I have been free from social engagements. I took a guide from the hotel in order to waste no time and miss no sights that one ought to enjoy. We went to the public market, the Industrial Museum, the Art Museum, the public park, and the Cathedral. My guide was a most convulsing person. He was supposed to speak "perfect English," but achieved some extraordinary effects. Would you know what "sinkim pork" might mean? He said, "everyone eats it on New Year's Day," and so I perceived it to be "sucking pig."

Some provisions have gone up in price; flour is doubled in value and the government has had to fix a maximum legal price. Meat and game are cheaper than usual, perhaps because many people are killing and selling their animals to save the grain which would otherwise have to be used to feed them.

The utter ignorance of the people concerning everything that is happening outside of Vienna

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[Front façade overlooking the Gardens]

and Budapest is amazing. The government has somehow convinced the people that everything in the war is going wonderfully well, and this in the face of the unsuppressible facts that there are at present no Austrians in Serbia and that the Russians hold all Galicia and have been through the Carpathians.

Saturday, January 2d. The German comic paper *Simplicissimus* recently made a cartoon comment on the Austro-Hungarian army and the whole issue was suppressed by the censor in Austria and Hungary. The drawing showed a group of three Austrians, a general, an officer, and a private. The soldier had a lion's head, the officer an ass's head, and the general had no head at all.

Austria and Germany have not as yet produced one "great man." The Allies have two—Joffre and Kitchener and possibly a third in Delcassé.

The Austrian Emperor is a little man, slightly stooped, rather shriveled-up and possessed of a pair of keen, shrewd eyes. He is an able follower of the Emperor Ferdinand who once replied to the statement that a certain one of his subjects was a

patriot by saying: "I don't care if he's patriotic for the country, but is he patriotic for me?" Franz Josef is cold, pitiless, and does not hesitate to ruin in a moment his most faithful servitor if he is at any time guilty of failure, or commits a blunder. Even when a minister or general is forced to carry out an order in spite of strong protests, he has relentlessly broken him if any catastrophe has resulted. A notable case is that of the general who commanded the Austrian armies in the battle of Sadowa.

Sunday, January 3d. I have managed to get in a good deal of reading on boats, trains, and at odd moments since I left Paris, and it has enlarged my comprehension of this war. I have carefully studied every book on the war and subjects related to it. I have read several times each the books of Bernhardi, Nietzsche, and Steed's "Hapsburg Monarchy."

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Monday, January 4th. In Hungary there are few princes or dukes; the highest nobles are counts, whose titles retain something of the old significance of hereditary rulers of a "county."

The serfs have only recently been liberated and to all intents and purposes the feudal system still exists, in spirit if not in form. Among the counts in Hungary, several stand out conspicuously above the rest; among them are the Karolyis, the Apponyis, the Hunyadis, and the Wenkheims, all of whom are interconnected by marriage and close social relations. These people maintain themselves on their vast estates like rulers of small principalities.

At the request of the Countess X. I had written to her mother, the Countess W., before leaving Vienna, and found her answer awaiting me at the Consul's office when I arrived in Budapest. I learn that she also communicated with Count Berchtold, the Prime Minister of the Empire, with Count Szecsen, ex-Ambassador to France, and with the Hungarian Premier, so that in case I missed her letters (she sent me one to Vienna and one to Budapest) these gentlemen would see to it that I went to visit her, as she wished to thank me personally for what I had been able to do for her daughter, and also to hear direct news of her grandchildren.

I left Budapest early this afternoon and

arrived after dark at Békéscsaba, which is about half-way to Belgrade. I was met by a major-domo who appropriated my luggage and led me to a private car on a private railroad belonging to the Countess. We started immediately and ran in about twenty minutes to the gate of the estate where she usually resides. Here I was carefully transferred into a waiting carriage and was tenderly tucked into numerous fur rugs by two or three strong men. The two splendid horses turned through the gates for a ten-minute drive across a beautiful park to the castle—and such a castle! It is equal in size and charm to some of the famous French châteaux along the Loire which I studied last spring.

I was carefully unpacked again under a splendid porte-cochère and ushered by numerous flunkies into the presence of the Countess. She received me in a tremendous room with a lofty ceiling, and in a preliminary talk of an hour she took off the first keen edge of her appetite for news.

My bedroom is perfectly huge and has two ante-rooms—for the personal servants whom I do not possess. We dined at eight, there being at the table, besides the Countess, a daughter and her

companion, a Frenchwoman. During dinner the Countess mentioned that the war necessitated frequent readjustments in the management of her estates; that the military authorities had recently taken another five hundred of her men for service in the army. She asked me if I enjoyed hunting and, upon receiving an affirmative answer, said that she would send me for an hour or two with the pheasants in the morning. She warned me that the shooting would be poor because no care had been taken of the preserves since her sons departed for the war.

Békéscsaba, Tuesday, January 5th. I was awakened at nine by a valet who came in, opened the blinds, shut the windows, brought the breakfast specified by me last night, and assisted me to bathe and dress.

At ten I paid my regards to the Countess and then the chasseur-en-chef who was to take me for the morning's sport was presented to me. I climbed into a shooting wagon, which then drove across fields some twenty minutes to a woody country. I was provided with two beautiful little English "16-bore," one of which was carried by a

loader who walked always behind my right elbow. The game was pheasants, partridges, and hares, the latter perfectly enormous, being thirty inches long when held up by the feet. While hunting I was followed at a respectful distance by the shooting wagon in which I was expected to ride when going farther than fifty yards, and by another wagon which was to carry the game I was expected to kill. The game was all natural wild game, not the domesticated kind of the English system. The chasseur had with him a dozen peasant boys as beaters. I "walked up" and "flushed" game myself, except when there was a particularly good bit of cover; then I was conducted ahead with many bows to a well-selected spot, whereupon the beaters in a line began at a distance of a hundred yards and "worked through," knocking their sticks together, a process that several times resulted in my being absolutely overrun by a burst of pheasants flushing from all directions, flying at all heights and angles and traveling like bullets. In two hours I killed seventy-three pheasants and partridges and twenty-three hares, and this in spite of the fact that my shooting was erratic. Thus at one spot I killed eight pheasants with as

many shells without changing my feet (it was there that the loader was useful) and then a few minutes later missed five running.

At noon the young Countess drove out with her French companion to join me. She watched the shooting until half after twelve and then drove me home for luncheon. It is the custom for the men who start shooting early to be sought out and brought home to luncheon by the ladies, or to be joined by them for lunch in the woods in case of an all-day shoot. The game is shot only by the nobles and their guests and there seem to be no Robin Hoods among the devoted peasantry.

If this shooting to which I had been treated was considered by the Countess to need an apology, I was curious to ascertain what she called really good hunting, and so I propounded the question. She replied quite seriously that the best shooting to be had upon her estates was hare shooting and that on a good day five guns were usually expected to kill four thousand between the hours of ten and three.

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To an American it is very extraordinary to see feudalism in full swing; to have every person whom

one meets anywhere, stop, raise his hat, and make a deep obeisance; to have even the slightest word or request to anyone answered with a low bow and an instantly bared head. It is still more surprising to realize how sincere and devoted is all this homage. Everyone for miles around acts in this same way to the Countess, to her daughter, and, of course, to any of their guests. To an American it all seems several hundred years out of date.

Wednesday, January 6th. There were guests for dinner tonight, nobles from neighboring estates. One of the men is about to start on an automobile trip to the Serbian and Carpathian fronts. He is to be away some four or five days, leaving on Monday. He begged me to go with him but I resisted the temptation, for I am now forty-nine hours' travel from London and must soon be turning my face westward.

I went to mass this morning in the little plaster church of a village near the castle. The acolytes were small peasant boys, and whenever they knelt down they turned toward the congregation prodigious boot-soles studded with a surprising array of shiny hob-nails.

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[A loggia overlooking the park]

Thursday, January 7th. In bidding me good-bye last night, the Countess took my hand in both of hers and before the assembled dinner party thanked me for my services to her daughter and said she appreciated my having given her two days of my valuable time;—all of which she did in so gracious and charming a manner that I not only was not embarrassed, but felt it was reward enough for any *two* trips to the front.

Nearly all my conversations since entering Austria-Hungary have been carried on in French, since it is spoken by virtually everyone with whom I have come in contact. In Hungary all the people of consequence speak four languages, Hungarian, German, French, and English, but French is generally preferred to English by all except those to whom English is the native tongue.

I left Békéscsaba at nine this morning and arrived in Budapest early in the afternoon.

Budapest, Friday, January 8th. I lunched today with Consul-General Coffin and dined with Countess Sigray.

Saturday, January 9th. Yesterday on my arrival in Budapest I found awaiting me an

invitation from Count Albert Apponyi to visit him at his castle at Eberhard, near Pozsony. I left Budapest at eight, reached Pozsony about eleven, and drove to Eberhard, where I was received by the Count.

I was extremely impressed on meeting Count Apponyi. I had anticipated something unusual, but he was quite beyond my expectations. He is about six feet three inches tall, has a splendidly erect carriage, and is a most impressively handsome man. He has a broad well-shaped forehead sloping back steeply, splendid blue-gray eyes, the biggest thinnest nose in the world, enormous nostrils, a strong sensitive mouth, and a grayish square-cut beard. The "grand old man of Hungary" looked up to his title.

He has been a member of the Hungarian Parliament for forty-two years and has several times held ministerial portfolios. His progressive ideas have usually landed him in the position of leader of the opposition. He has invariably been Hungary's representative at all international meetings, peace conferences, and inter-parliamentary unions. He is a decade ahead of his day and generation, being probably the most progressive

man in all Hungary. This, coupled with his blood, his magnificent appearance, and his wonderful education, make him an extraordinary power in the affairs of the kingdom. He has twice been in America. He has several times visited ex-President Roosevelt at the White House and at Sagamore Hill, and the Colonel has been a guest here at Eberhard. The Count also knows intimately such men as Lowell, Untermyer, Butler, and Taft, and appreciates their ideas,—"the American idea" as he calls it. It is no wonder that the other less advanced Hungarian nobles criticize his ideas and methods.

The Count's French is exquisite, and he speaks English as I have seldom heard it spoken,—as the cultivated Frenchman speaks French,—with purpose, with science, as an art. His enunciation is wonderful and he instinctively picks out words to aid rhythm and enunciation. Of his native language, Hungarian, and of his German, I am not capable of judging.

I admired the Count's library. Three sides of the big room were covered with filled shelves, which lapped over into the rooms on either side. Such a conglomeration of books;—leather bind-

ings, cloth, paper, stacks of pamphlets, all jumbled together and yet in order. The books were indiscriminately in French, German, Hungarian, Latin, Italian, English, and Greek, all languages which the Count knows with great thoroughness. In reply to my admiring comment, he looked around the library a bit sadly, I thought, and said slowly: "Yes, it means much to me. It has grown out of my life."

The Apponyi castle has stood in its present shape for over two hundred years. Like all contemporaneous residences of feudal chiefs, it was built primarily for defense and this determines its general structure. It is square with a great court in the center, in the middle of which is a well-house. The castle walls are of stone nearly three feet thick, plastered over with cement and painted white. It is two stories high with a steep ungabled roof and is virtually guiltless of architecture. The only entrance to the building is through an archway leading under the front face into the interior court. No outside windows existed in the original structure but many have since been cut into it. The castle reveals many signs of age. The floors in all the halls and rooms,

THE ENTRANCE TO COUNT APPONYI'S CASTLE

except those of the salons, are of stone, and little uneven hollows on their surfaces show where the feet of many generations have left their mark. The libraries and salons, six or seven in number, were remodeled some time during the last century and are remarkably fine.

At present one side of the castle has been converted into a hospital and here some twenty-five wounded Hungarian soldiers are cared for.

At luncheon there were as guests the Count and Countess Karolyi Hunyadi and two of their sons, and the Countess Herberstein, whose husband is a general in the army.

Sunday, January 10th. I had the honor of a very interesting walk and talk with Count Apponyi this morning. Among other things he said: "I sometimes let my younger daughter (aged 12) play with the children of the peasants on the place. It gives her an understanding of life, and besides, there is no one of her own age and rank in this part of the country." This for a Hungarian nobleman is an extremely democratic remark.

The mass in Count Albert's private chapel was most interesting. The chapel is built into

the castle as a part of it. The family assembled in a little oratory or balcony giving off the second-floor hall. From this oratory one looked down upon the service and upon the peasants crowded together below. It was glassed in so that one viewed the spectacle through windows, so to speak. These had two panes which could be opened if one desired to hear more clearly the service or sermon.

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In a long conversation, Count Apponyi, in answer to my questions, made the following statements as to Hungary's attitude in the war, which he defined as being a conflict between Orientalism and Occidentalism:

"You who live in America do not have to consider or define the differences between Occidentalism and Orientalism. You are geographically isolated from Orientalism and are so axiomatically Occidental that the issue is not yet a vital one for you. You do not have to search for concepts and definitions in this regard. The same would be true of the Chinese who are so extremely Oriental —who are so near the South Pole, so to speak— as to find thinking about the matter unnecessary.

They take their Orientalism as a matter of course, as do you your Occidentalism.

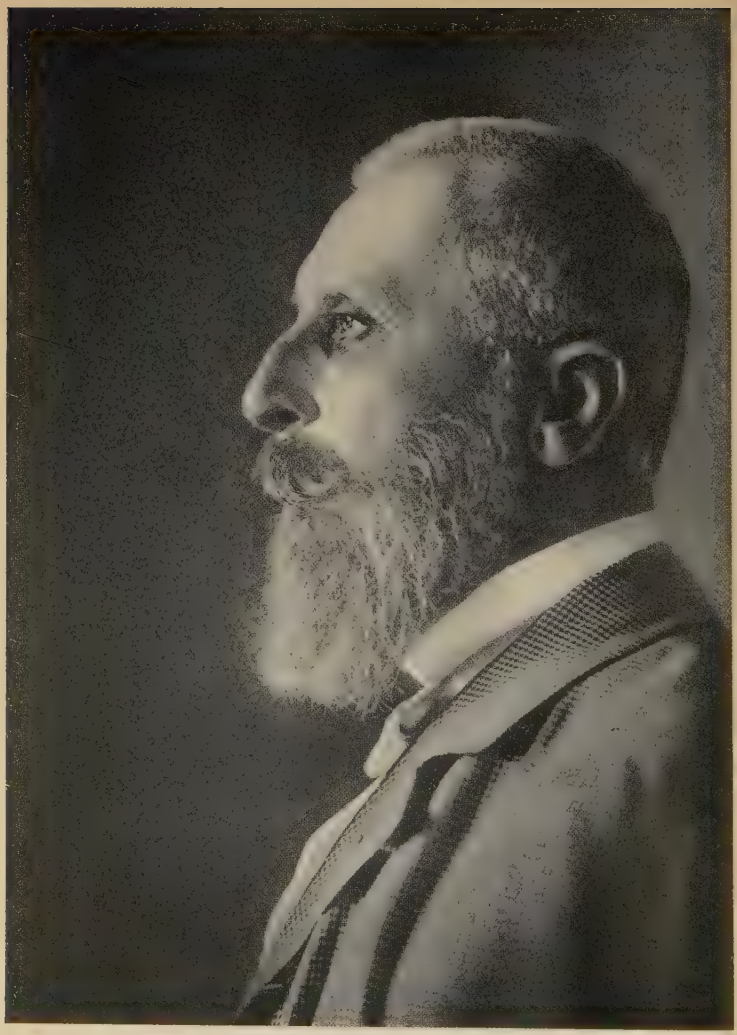
"But we of Hungary who are on the geographical frontier of Occidentalism, who are, in these present centuries, Occidentalism's contenders in the everlasting battle between East and West, and who find ourselves at death-grips with Russia, the present-day aggressive representative of Orientalism, we, I say, have need to consider such matters and to find concepts upon which to build.

"Thus I, as a Hungarian, have my definitions, my lines of demarcation between the two. My definitions of Occidentalism are four in number. Any nation which fails in one or more of them is on the Oriental side of the line. The four items are:

"(1) *The distinction between spiritual and temporal power—the mutual independence of Religion and Government.* The form of religion or the form of government does not and cannot decide the question. Thus in Russia the Greek Christian Church is Oriental because it makes itself one with the State and is used by the State as a club to keep the subjects of the State in political subjugation.

"(2) *The recognition of the equal value of woman and man.* Occidentalism feels that woman and man are different but does not feel that man is superior to woman. Discussions of the *differences* between man and woman sometimes occur in Occidental countries as was the case in the late disputes in England as to woman's fitness for politics. There was no implication that man was an animal superior to woman. In Occidentalism woman and man are considered equal before the law and in the eyes of God, while in Orientalism women are often little better than slaves and in some eastern religions are not supposed after death to go to heaven.

"(3) *The recognition of the rights of the individual.* All individuals are considered equal before the law. The individual is not a means to some end—he is an end in himself. This is laid down in its spiritual aspect in Christianity and in *every form* of Christianity. The difference consists in this: that in Occidental Christianity it acted as a germ—as the principle of an evolution which led through a painful ascension of numberless steps to the idea of juridical and social equality. In Oriental Christianity the germ remained secluded



COUNT ALBERT APPONYI

[The "Grand Old Man" of Hungary]

in the spiritual sphere, without taking effect in the secular order.

"(4) *The recognition of the dignity of labor.* In Occidentalism there is none of the feeling that to labor is unworthy; there is none of the feeling that to labor is the part of slaves and lower creatures. Christ was a carpenter and the son of a carpenter; he chose his disciples from amongst fishermen and laborers and laid down the rule that labor enhances the dignity of man.

"These four items contain the elements of all progress and that is why Occidentalism alone is really progressive. Whatever progress is achieved by Orientals consists in adopting certain technical results of Occidental evolution. This does not mean that Oriental nations cannot be strong and powerful, for many of them have at times been powerful. While they *are* powerful, their policy is necessarily one of aggression, because their energy is not able to assert itself in internal progress and must, therefore, find an outlet in foreign aggression. Note Russia. In history you will find that the cessation of aggressiveness in an Oriental nation has always meant either the beginning of decay or, as was the case of Hungari-

ans in the 11th century, of an evolution toward Occidentalism. In the 11th century the Hungarians were Oriental—now they are Occidental. That may follow in Russia too if she is defeated in the present war. Paradoxical as the statement seems, defeat contains brighter prospects for her than victory. For nations at large the victory of Russia would mean the advance of the inferior Eastern type of civilization at the expense of the superior Western one, a calamity not to be considered without shuddering."

He continued: "Turkey is no longer an aggressive representative of Orientalism. She is even trying under the 'Young Turks' to become Occidental. Her 'Young Turks' are laboring for results which would include all my four definitions of Occidentalism. Her participation in the present war does not fall under the head of East *versus* West, but is inspired simply by consideration for her own safety as an Asiatic power and as the guardian of Constantinople. In a general sort of way, there is no formula that covers the whole ground of all the phenomena of any great action. There is always an intersection of motives. As between Russia and Austria-Hungary, the pre-

sent war is a struggle of the East in its Russian form against the West, but two other forces are at work which, although they do not concern *us* in the least, combine with this one. These are the Anglo-German trade rivalry and the Franco-German race antipathy."

Since I have been in the countries of the Dual Alliance I have been anxious to secure a clear and reasonable declaration of the motives which actuate the leading men in the nations comprising it. It was not possible to obtain such an explanation in Germany, because people either frankly admitted that Germany's purpose was to become through military aggression the dominant power of the world, or they flew into such a rage at the mere question that nothing they said was either reasonable or consecutive. Even the carefully prepared literature of the Imperial Foreign Office failed to impress me as logical or sincere. It was, therefore, a pleasure to obtain from the Count a statement of what may be called the Hungarian point of view.

Somewhat later in the day I asked the Count what his answer was to the statement so often repeated by the Allies, that the sovereigns of the

Dual Alliance forced war upon their people. He replied:

"The German, Austrian, and Hungarian people were not driven into the war by their sovereigns, and could not have been so driven. They approve the war because they realize its necessity as a defense. They wished to avoid it as did their sovereigns. They were all compelled to accept it as the only means of defense against an aggression cynically planned and carefully prepared."

Monday, January 11th. I had intended to leave on an early train this morning, but when I broached the subject the Count would not permit it and insisted that I stay until tomorrow afternoon, when he is called to Budapest by government duties.

Tuesday, January 12th. After breakfast it snowed a few minutes. A little later it commenced to snow in earnest,—great, fat, lazy flakes falling out of a leaden sky. From one of the castle windows the Count and I watched them against the background of some fir trees in the garden below.

THE FAMILY CHAPEL OF THE COUNTS APPONYI

[In the village of Eberhard]

"That is good," said Count Apponyi; "That will be good for my wheat-fields just sprouting. It will cover them and keep them warm. I have now long been hoping for the snow, which is overdue." Some moments later I said, "The falling snow is for me one of the most beautiful motions in nature." He replied: "To me falling snow always suggests Patience. A flake of snow? *Ce n'est rien!* (with a gesture). But it falls and falls, never hurrying, each little flake a distinct entity, and at last it makes the world beautiful—and it also covers my wheat-fields."

The Hungarian nobles receive an education very different from ours. If anything, it leads to greater individuality. From infancy they learn four languages—their native one, and German, French, and English. To this is added an elaborate knowledge of courtesy, custom, precedence, and manners which is taught them from childhood. The boys are also trained to ride and shoot. They are sent to school between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, where they learn Latin very thoroughly and get a smattering of other things. They almost unconsciously absorb the knowledge

of managing the great estates which constitute their wealth. They have a taste for reading and prefer rather serious literature. With a perfect knowledge of Latin, English, German, and French, nearly all masters are open to them in the original. They miss only a few: Dante, Cervantes, and the ancient Greeks, although the more scholarly ones like Apponyi know Greek. Since they have much leisure, they often possess by the time they are thirty an extraordinarily interesting amount of knowledge. In Hungary everyone from peasants to counts is musical.

We took lunch today in the perfectly splendid old castle of the Karolyi Hunyadis at Ivanka. The other guests were the Countess Herberstein and an Austro-Hungarian General of Division, whose name I did not catch. Count Apponyi and I drove over together from Eberhard and after luncheon took the train from the neighboring station of Pozony Ivanka. I was received with the most extravagant cordiality by the Hunyadis on account of services which I had been able to render to members of their family in the course of my work at the Embassy in Paris.

The Hunyadi castle was really as fine or finer than some of the smaller ones which I visited along the Loire last spring, and it was the more impressive because it was "alive"—inhabited—and furnished with the most magnificent appointments. The stair-hall particularly recalled some of those splendid old French ones, being in the same sort of yellow Caen stone.

While we were waiting for a train today, Count Apponyi informed me quite seriously that Hungary was not the least feudal, either in theory or practice.

The Hungarians harbor no animosity against Britain and France and really deserve the chivalrous friendship of these two nations. They are the only people in the present conflict who, in the heat and excitement of war, have on all occasions behaved like good sportsmen. When trains of Russian prisoners arrive at Hungarian stations, the people manifest no hostility, but greet them with kindness and sympathy and offer them food and flowers. The populace has not molested alien enemies, and their government has not indulged in wholesale internments of enemies' subjects. In Hungary I found British horse trainers, English

tutors, and French governesses going tranquilly about their peaceful occupations. English tailors advertised their business in the Hungarian newspapers, and their clients went to them as readily as they would have gone in peace time. French chefs and servants were, as a matter of course, retained in the employ of noble families, and were treated with unvarying consideration and sympathy by their Hungarian fellow-servants. This attitude has been steadfastly maintained in spite of the wholesale imprisonment by the Allies of such Hungarian subjects as were left within their territory at the opening of hostilities. Of the nations which I have studied Hungary is the only one involved in the present conflict which has not stooped to reprisal and retaliation.

It was a curious demonstration of the difference in the national temperament of the Teutonic and Magyar races to mark how diametrically opposed was the manner in which the two peoples regarded the efforts of the American Embassy in Paris to safeguard their respective subjects. As I, during the earlier weeks of the war, had been closely associated with these efforts, everyone I met had something to say to me upon the matter.

Throughout Germany there was universal complaint and criticism of the methods of treating the German subjects who, at the beginning of the war, had been interned in France. I was constantly obliged to hear accounts of how many people had been crowded into one building, how at first only straw was provided for bedding, and how scarce and poor was the food which was furnished. The censure was primarily for the French nation, but the comments conveyed no sense of obligation to our Embassy staff, who had worked so untiringly to alleviate these conditions, which, moreover, resulted from no mal-intent on the part of the French, but were simply the inevitable consequences of the sudden oncoming of war. Every national resource of the French Republic was devoted to quick mobilization, upon which the fate of the nation hung, and until that operation had been accomplished, little time or thought could be devoted to alien citizens.

On entering Hungary I braced myself to endure the same hostile attitude. To my intense surprise I was everywhere welcomed with great cordiality and received as a sincere friend and protector of the Hungarian people who had been interned in

France. The great families of Hungary sent me invitations to visit them on their estates, they threw open their most exclusive clubs, offered me opportunities to view the fighting on the Russian front, and treated me like one of themselves. Of expressions of appreciation and gratitude there was no limit, and they greatly over-emphasized my services. Not only were the nobles thus demonstratively grateful, but in nearly every village and town to which I went I found inhabitants who had returned from internment in France to relate how helpful Monsieur Wood at the American Embassy had been to them. Often I remembered neither the individuals nor the incidents they so gratefully dwelt upon, but the general atmosphere of friendliness thus created was like springtime after frost.

In Germany, even after establishing my identity, I have by citizens or German Secret Service men been the object of grossly insulting remarks. In Hungary no one even asked what was my personal bias on the present war, but everyone remembered only the services which the Embassy of neutral America had in France rendered to any Hungarian subject who needed assistance. If the other na-

tions of the Dual Alliance possessed the generosity and courtesy of the Hungarians, people outside the war would find it easier to be neutral in sentiment as well as in deed.

CHAPTER XII

A GERMAN PRISON-CAMP

Vienna, Tuesday, January 12th. Last night and today twenty-three long trains of German regular troops have passed through the Ivanka station on their way east. They were apparently going to the Roumanian frontier. A train will hold two battalions of infantry, two thousand men, or a battery of artillery with full equipment. These trains would, therefore, represent something like thirty thousand men, and more were all the time coming. My car, in which I was *en route* from Budapest to Vienna, stopped at one station just opposite one of these military trains, which I thus had time to study. It contained a battery of German artillery and was a very long one, consisting of flat cars, freight cars, and one or more passenger coaches for the officers. The guns of the battery, with all the limbers and caissons, were placed on flat-cars, while some of the freight cars were used for equip-

ment and ammunition and others for the soldiers. The doors of these latter were open and were boarded up to a height of eighteen inches to keep floor draughts off the men lying within. The cars were filled with clean straw, sprigs of which trailed out of the doorways. The soldiers, like all German soldiers that I have seen, were fat, healthy, happy, and cheerful, singing, waving hands and handkerchiefs to the responsive crowds on the platforms, and laughing and joking. They looked for all the world like big puppies hanging out of a box filled with straw. They were young men of Germany's best troops and had that certain bearing of confidence and efficiency which marks veterans. Their faces, albeit smooth and healthy, were not the faces of boys, although some of them were still boys in years.

The guns and caissons at the first uncritical glance looked like junk, but a second look revealed the error. Their metal work was battered and their paint chipped off, but the wheels and running gear and the long gray barrels were clean and spick and span.

The efficiency, rapidity of fire, and elasticity of cannon have so improved in the past decade that

a battery of four guns now requires one hundred and eighty men, six or seven officers, and two hundred horses to manage it. What with mathematical instruments to direct fire, instrument wagons, field forges, spare parts, and twelve or sixteen caissons, every horse and man belonging to the battery is necessary when a stiff action is going on. The guns shoot six thousand yards and the four can between them fire eighty shots a minute. Each of the shells weighs about eighteen pounds, costs up to twenty dollars to manufacture, and is freighted with almost unbelievable possibilities of death and destruction. When using shrapnel a single battery can during any sixty seconds fire thirty-five thousand well-directed bullets against advancing infantry. A battalion of infantry in charging will average about two hundred yards a minute—and during that minute a single battery can fire against it thirty-five bullets for every man in the battalion.

The field guns of all nations shoot approximately the same shell, three inches in diameter. These guns are so small and light in appearance that it is difficult to realize their power until one has seen its effects. Their barrels are perhaps six feet long

and from five to seven inches in exterior diameter. A light but very complicated running-gear supports them. This rests upon two wagon-wheels quite ordinary in appearance. The whole is painted smoke-gray and looks quite toylike and harmless.

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I had lunch with Mr. Penfield today at his official residence and it was an extremely interesting event. The building is said to be the finest ambassadorial residence in the world of any nationality. I can easily believe it. In the very heart of Vienna the house has behind it a garden of some two acres with many fine hothouses. Seven gardeners are required. On the other side, the Embassy faces on a large public garden and thus every one of the sixty big windows which the mansion possesses faces on one garden or the other. The house is adorned with Meissoniers, Van Dykes, Chinese rugs, and other things of a like value. The house was shown to me from top to bottom by Mr. Penfield.

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At present there is great excitement in Vienna

over the fall of Count Berchtold, the Prime Minister, announced publicly this morning.

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I am to leave for Berlin, London, and Paris, and then home as soon as possible.

Vienna, Friday, January 15th. I am doing my best to see Vienna so thoroughly in an architectural and artistic way that I shall not find it necessary to return for purposes of study.

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At the Jockey Club last night I played bridge with Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Attaché Cardeza, and His Serene Highness, Prince Lichtenstein, the fortunate possessor of the Lichtenstein Galleries in Vienna. I am to visit his collection on Sunday morning with the Countess Colloredo.

Captain Briggs is at the front with Colonel Biddle but is expected to return soon and I am awaiting his arrival before departing for Berlin.

Sunday, January 17th. I suppose it is useless to say that all the reports in the Allied press about revolutions, despair, and cholera in Austria-Hungary are absolutely false.

Monday, January 18th. I now plan to leave for Berlin on Wednesday and hope, unless I strike something of very great importance in Belgium, to reach London about January 31st.

Wednesday, January 20th. A party of neutral diplomats who last week went by train into the country for a picnic were arrested on their return to the railroad station at Vienna, beaten up, and insulted by police and soldiers in spite of their identification papers. The affair went to such lengths that several of the diplomats came out of the fracas with bruised faces and torn clothes. The whole party were detained for nearly an hour before they were finally set at liberty. Among the distinguished members of the party were: M. Chafford, the Swiss Minister, M. Bekfris, the Swedish Minister, M. Lelerche, the Norwegian Chargé d'Affaires, M. Carpion, the Roumanian Chargé d'Affaires, MM. Guignous and Segesser, Swiss Secretaries.

Several ladies were with the party, which numbered a dozen in all. The affair was started and led by a colonel in the army who resented the fact that the diplomats were conversing in French,

a language they were forced to employ since they were of many different nationalities. The crowd at the railroad station where the "incident" took place was not hostile and did nothing except stand by in idle curiosity. Up to the present time the only action taken by the Austrian Government has been to send regrets, not apologies, to the various diplomats. The colonel who was responsible for the assault offered his resignation, which was promptly refused. I know of no such disgraceful incident ever having taken place in France or Great Britain.

Captain Briggs returned from the front this morning.

Berlin, Thursday, January 21st. I arrived in Berlin last night after an uneventful journey. I went to the theatre this evening with Charles Russell. We walked around through the lobby during the intermission and among other things saw a young man, perhaps nineteen, very blond, with the nicest, simplest, most straightforward face, the face of a quiet, retiring boy, who would grow up into a thinking man. He was with his

mother. He was in civilian clothes, but in his lapel he wore the broad ribbon—black with two white bars—of the Iron Cross. Somewhere, sometime in these recent months, this quiet lad had performed coolly some feat of great personal valor. The look of unsuppressible pride upon his mother's face, as she walked on his arm, was wonderful to behold.

Sunday, January 24th. I am to leave early Wednesday morning for London or The Hague, I do not yet know which. From either one it is probable that I shall be sent to Brussels.

Tuesday, January 26th. I visited the prison camp at Döberitz today. In a military automobile I was conducted there with much ceremony by Captain Freiherr von G——, Iron Cross and Red Eagle, of the Imperial Guard. He is on leave convalescing from a wound in the knee which he received at Ypres. I was expressly told that I might describe what I saw and repeat what I heard as many times and as much in detail as I chose, so that I have no hesitation in giving my impressions without reserve, even though it

was by courtesy of the German Government that I made the trip.

The camp was distant one hour's fast run from Berlin and was situated on a flat plain which had very little natural or artificial drainage. The cold mud was everywhere from three to four inches deep. On this plain and closely surrounded by heavy barbed-wire entanglements were some seventy or eighty rude wooden sheds arranged in four rows with a broad avenue down the center. Here were kept some nine thousand prisoners of war, of whom four thousand were British and four thousand Russian. By careful and repeated pacing I estimated that the sheds were about one hundred by thirty feet. Each one had six unopenable windows on a side. In each such house were quartered one hundred and twenty-five men. When certain partitioned areas have been subtracted this means a space of about six by three feet per man. Each house was heated by one stove and was very hot and stuffy, being, except for the door, hermetically sealed.

None of the prisoners had overcoats, personal belongings, or blankets. They slept on straw ticks measuring approximately seven feet by

thirty inches. That they all suffered from lice and other vermin was perfectly evident. The whole camp was closely surrounded by barbed wire, and the main avenue was commanded by three field-guns placed outside at one end in a little barbed-wire fort. The whole was apparently under the charge of a Captain of Landsturm and the guards were men of the Landsturm. The prisoners looked thin, peaked, unhappy and sickly, and many had boils. They have absolutely nothing to do—they exist. They are fed three times a day—6 A.M., 12 noon, and 4 P.M. For "lunch" and "dinner" and also Sunday breakfast, they receive about one pint of a thick soup. I tasted some of this and thought it was concocted chiefly of barley and potatoes. I was told that there was meat in it but could find no evidence of any. For breakfast the prisoners receive black bread with a slice of either cheese or sausage and either tea or coffee. The diet is evidently insufficient. I should say that it was calculated with German accuracy to just keep body and soul together. I was taken through many of the houses and although no actual prohibition to talk was given it was virtually impossible to speak with the pris-

oners, as I was always hurriedly rushed along from one place to another. In order to make a pretence of conversation, one of the two captains who escorted me would sometimes say to a prisoner, "What nationality are you?" "Scotch, sir." "What regiment?" "Argyle-Highlanders, sir." "Ah, so!" and we would then hurry along again. We were in the camp an hour and a half, and during that time I succeeded in asking three short well-chosen questions of intelligent-looking British non-commissioned officers.

First question:	"Do you get enough to eat?"
Answer:	"My Gawd, no!"
Second question:	"How do present conditions compare with the past?"
Answer:	"Wonderfully improved, sir, in comparison."
Third question:	"How often do you write home?"
Answer:	"One letter every two months, but they *say* they are going to improve that."

I saw the four o'clock feeding. It reminded me of nothing except seeing animals fed at the

Zoo. In the kitchen I saw the British soldiers receive their afternoon meal. A line of five great cauldrons of hot soup extended down the room, each one being about four feet high and four feet in diameter. The prisoners entered through a vestibule at one end of the building, where they passed between two German sentinels to whom each delivered up a metal check before being allowed to pass inside. There is a roll-call in the sheds before every meal and each man is then handed a check which later entitles him to receive his ration. Each prisoner possesses and keeps constantly with him one iron bowl and one large spoon. When they are permitted to enter the kitchen the prisoners rush to whatever cauldron is least busy. There a cook, armed with a long-handled measure holding about a pint, ladles out one measureful of soup into each man's bowl and this constitutes the entire repast. The Captain of Landsturm in explaining to me about the metal checks said indignantly, "Why, if we did not have this system of checks, they would all come back three and four times!" by which remark he showed the typical German lack of anything approaching tact or diplomacy.

There were some British sailors and numerous marines among the prisoners. These, according to the Germans, came from Antwerp. They had reached that city just as the Germans entered and had been captured without ever having left their train. They were sent on in the same train to German prisons and their total war experience consisted in one continued non-change journey from Ostend to the Döberitz prison-camp. The Germans said that there was at times ill feeling between English and Russians.

The method of punishment in the camp was called "tying up" for one or two hours. I was unable to get details but gathered that this consisted in suspension by some part of the hands. This, however, may have been a wrong conclusion. I was told that the men received letters from home, about fifty a day arriving at the camp, and are also allowed to receive money. Yesterday was a record day, a big mail arriving with some 7000 marks. They may spend the money at the camp store, which I examined; tobacco, sausages, and insecticide seemed to be the chief articles in stock.

A bath-house has recently been provided in which it is possible to take cold showers. The

English shave with potato knives borrowed from the kitchen. The men wash in the open, apparently in the same bowls from which they eat. Water is very sparingly served out to them.

The two German officers who acted as my guides tried to impress upon me that the camp was a model one and that everything was done for the prisoners which they had a right to expect. It seemed to me very much less desirable than the prison for French soldiers which I had previously inspected at Zossen. Some specific things which the French possessed and the British lacked were overcoats, bunks, ample food, work, recreation, blankets, and the opportunity for exercise, and it should be remembered in extenuation of German prison camps in general—if extenuation is deemed necessary—that besides interned civilians, Germany has now nearly seven hundred thousand prisoners of war to house and feed.

February 14th. After brief visits to Holland, France, and England I last night boarded the steamship Lusitania at Liverpool and sailed for that land of skyscrapers, electric signs, and telephones—the land which has been called "opulent, aggressive, and unprepared."

CONCLUSION

It would be a sin of omission for me to neglect to sound again that oft-repeated warning against the dangers of military unpreparedness, which has been so vainly sounded since the birth of our nation by every American, great or small, who has known or seen anything of actual war conditions.

Is it idle to hope that the warnings to be deduced from the current histories of other nations will be heeded by a nation which has ever disregarded the lessons of its own history?

APPENDIX

MISCELLANEOUS MILITARY OBSERVATIONS MADE BY THE AUTHOR DURING THE SEVEN MONTHS RECORDED IN THIS BOOK

The best maps with which to follow and study the war in France, Flanders, and Belgium are those of the French Automobile Club, called "Cartes Routières pour Automobiles," published by A. Taride, 18 Boulevard Saint-Denis, Paris. The war has been largely fought and directed by the use of these maps, which are on the scale prescribed by the French General Staff—about three and one-half miles to the inch. They show every road and lane, every town and village in France. The war areas are contained in numbers 1, 1bis, 2, 3, 6, and 7. Those most referred to in this book are 3 and 7.

CASUALTIES

The total losses of the various belligerents in killed, wounded, and captured for the first six months of the war, from August 1st to February 1st, are as follows:

British	140,000
French	1,450,000
Russians	2,050,000
Austro–Hungarians	950,000
Germans	1,500,000

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The approximate ratio of deaths to total casualties is as follows:

German, 2 deaths to 9 casualties.
French, 2 deaths to 7 casualties.

(The large proportion of French deaths was due:

First, to the fact that in the early part of the war most actions were German victories, and the Germans could not care for French wounded as well as they did for their own;

Secondly to lack of sanitary skill on the part of the French in taking care of their wounded.)

Austrian, 2 deaths to 7 casualties.
British, 2 deaths to 11 casualties.

(The low rate of mortality among the British is due to the great number of motor ambulances which they possess, to the smallness of their army, to the efficiency with which they care for their wounded, and to the short distance which separates their forces from their home country.)

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The numbers of prisoners held on February 1st:

In Germany:	British	18,000
	Belgian	39,000
	Russian	350,000
	French	245,000
In Austria:	Russian	250,000
In England:	German	15,000
In France:	German, approximately	50,000

MEDICAL CORPS

The battle practice in the French army in handling wounded is as follows:

When a man is wounded he is carried to a dressing station in some partly protected neighborhood within the battle area. He is generally taken there by the stretcher-bearers attached to his company. After field dressing, he is removed to a field hospital one to three miles toward the rear. The means of transportation are varied, and made to suit the particular battle conditions, the principal means being stretcher-bearers, motor ambulances, and horse ambulances. In case of heavy casualties, all the men who can possibly stagger are obliged to go to the rear by themselves and are sent in small parties so that they may assist one another *en route*.

The field hospitals are nearly always established

in village churches with overflow into neighboring houses in case of heavy casualties. All the furniture is removed from the church and the floor is covered thick with straw, upon which the wounded are laid out in long rows. The altar is made the pharmacist's headquarters, the vestry is converted into an operating room, and a Red Cross flag is hung from the tower or steeple. These field hospitals are generally well within the zone of artillery fire, and are frequently struck by shells.

The men are evacuated from the field hospital to a base hospital in motor ambulances or by a combination of motor ambulances and railway trains. Theoretically, this should be done within a day or two with all cases except the very gravest. In practice, the men frequently lie in field hospitals for weeks before the opportunity of evacuation is found. The base hospitals are in cities or large towns, and serve as clearing-houses. They are well out of the military zone, being from five to fifteen miles behind the zone of artillery fire. I will give a definite example. In October, I saw the front at Albert. There were dressing stations just behind the battle-line. There was a field hospital at Hénencourt. From Hénencourt the wounded were evacuated upon Amiens, which contained the base hospitals for a front extending from a point north of Sus St. Léger to the neigh-

borhood of Guerbigny. Here the railway station had been converted into a receiving center to which all the wounded were brought for examination and classification. Those who could bear travel were immediately placed upon trains and shipped to the south of France. There were four other hospitals in Amiens, and all cases considered too grave for transportation to the south were sent to one of these. They were divided and classified so that cases of a kind were grouped together, each hospital and the various floors of each hospital having a different class of patient. Some of the classifications were: head cases, amputation cases, gangrene cases, cases in which the patient could not refrain from screaming, either because of delirium or for other reasons. It is on leaving the base hospital that wounded are first classified as to nationality.

For the railway transportation of the wounded, luggage vans are used. I estimate the interior length of a French luggage-van or freight-car to be about twenty-five feet, the doors being placed, as in America, in the middle of each side. Wooden racks are built to the right and left of the door in the ends of the car. These racks are arranged to hold two layers of three stretchers each, so that each end of the freight car contains six lying cases. The men who are able to sit or stand and the orderlies in charge are placed in the aisle between the doors, a space about six feet wide

between the stretcher handles. On their way to the south of France these trains stop about every twenty-four hours, the first stop being Aubervilliers, a station some two miles outside the gates of Paris. Here a large storage warehouse has been converted into a hospital. Food and water are distributed to the train on its arrival, the dead taken out, and the delirious or very grave cases are removed to the Paris hospitals. The others are allowed twelve hours' rest before continuing on the next stage of their journey.

The trains are usually made up of from 30 to 50 vans, and each train carries from 500 to 800 wounded. No particular effort seems to be made to isolate gangrene cases from the others, and the wounded invariably remain in the uniforms in which they fought until they reach the home hospital in the south of France. Their dressings, until they reach these home hospitals, are superficial ones. I have seen numerous cases with grave wounds, such as shattered thighs, which have remained in this condition for four and five weeks before finally being undressed and washed at the home hospital.

The whole system of handling the wounded seems to be theoretically well conceived. In practice among the French it worked thus poorly during the early months of the war. The wounded suffered from lack of food, water, attention, and bathing, and the re-

sulting number of mortalities and amputations was exceedingly high. The effect on the morale of those who recovered is very serious, and is in singular contrast to the eagerness to return to the front often shown by British and German convalescents. The care given to the wounded by these two nations is very excellent indeed.

The same stretcher is used throughout the French army, and its universal use is compulsory on all organizations, whether volunteer or regular. It is not unusual for a grave case to be picked up on the battlefield and placed upon a stretcher and to travel on it all the way to the south of France without once being removed. The company stretcher-bearers turn him over to the dressing station with the stretcher upon which they have borne him. Since these stretchers are identical in size and construction they fit all ambulances and all railway equipments. They may be said to be current, like money, and whenever one organization turns over a grave case to the succeeding organization, the stretcher goes with the case, and an empty one is received in return. The number at any one point is thus maintained at a constant figure, and there is a general tendency for battered and infected stretchers to gravitate toward the south of France, and for new stretchers to gravitate toward the front.

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There has been much typhoid in the armies in France, and it is on the increase. The wounded men develop it more often than any other class. Inoculation against typhoid is theoretically compulsory in the French army. I have no personal knowledge as to the thoroughness or effectiveness of inoculation in practice.

Lockjaw seems to develop late. Most of the cases occur after the men have reached the south of France. The new French anti-lockjaw inoculation of Doctor Doyen has produced most remarkable results. I have heard, on reliable authority, that with it 80% of the cases treated make a complete recovery. Three of my personal friends have had lockjaw and recovered. This is, in part, due to the fact that in all the hospitals the diagnosis is quick and sure, and the serum always in stock. The injection is made into the spinal cord at the small of the back. The patient is kept on his back on a slightly sloping table, his feet being at the higher end, while his head is allowed to hang unsupported over the end of the table.

A considerable proportion of the French and British troops in France, the Russian, Austrian, and Hungarian troops in the eastern fields, and the prisoners in Germany suffer from lice. Fleas seem to be a comparative rarity in the zones of operation.

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APPENDIX

The physique and condition of the French troops have greatly improved since the beginning of the war. War conditions seem to have caused a marked change. Many of the men have gained twenty and even thirty pounds, and the younger men have grown inches in height.

The French have well-defined regulations in the matter of sanitation, but these rules are not generally well-observed or strictly enforced. In the French trenches, however, where discipline is best, this matter is very well regulated. The Germans are particularly orderly in this regard. I have never observed that the French mark wells or water supplies in any manner.

I have no observations to offer on the subject of cremation of refuse, but have seen several attempts at cremation of bodies in the French army, all of which were glaring failures.

AËROPLANES

The German aëroplanes are generally conceded to be the most effective in the war, and the Germans seem to possess more of them than any other nation. None of their machines are slow and their fastest ones are faster than any in the other armies. Aëroplanes have been singularly ineffective in attacking as their shoot-

ing is extremely bad. They usually miss their target by at least two hundred yards, and, so far as my personal knowledge goes, the only damage that they have ever done has been when they have had a whole city to shoot at. Something like forty bombs were thrown on Paris while I was in that city, and although some thirty or forty non-combatants were killed or wounded, a target of any military importance was hit on only one occasion, when a bomb was dropped through the roof of the Gare St. Lazare. In the field, the principal targets aimed at by the aëroplanes are supply and ammunition convoys. The method is for the aëroplane to fly above the road and to drop a bomb as it passes over the convoy. It then makes a circle and repeats the operation. I know personally of some fifty bombs thus dropped, not one of which struck anywhere near the target. The effect of the bombs is of small consequence and damage is seldom done except to the people who happen to be standing in the immediate neighborhood.

The crater of the bombs thrown by German aëroplanes, when striking macadam or similar surfaces, is about fifteen inches in diameter and four inches deep. I have seen three such craters. The shrapnel bullets from the exploding bombs fly with a killing force to a distance of about fifty yards, and at the latter range the lowest bullets fly at a height of about twelve or

fifteen feet. These bombs weigh about fourteen pounds.

Aëroplanes have proved to be almost invulnerable in war. They are extremely difficult to hit, because one must calculate for three dimensions and for the speed of the aëroplane; when hit they seldom suffer serious damage. I know of a case where first and last nearly 200 bullets passed through a machine without its ever being put out of action. Indeed, it seems impossible to bring down an aëroplane except by a freak shot. The gasoline tank is high and narrow and is protected by a thin metal plate underneath, while struts and steering wires are usually double. Wounding the aviator does not usually bring down a machine, because he is sitting and is strapped in, and on calm days needs to employ only a slight muscular effort to steer. Moreover, there are usually two officers in an aëroplane and the systems of double control enable the aëroplane to return to its base even if one of them is killed outright.

Anti-aircraft guns are not greatly feared by aviators, and they consider it merely an extraordinary piece of bad luck to be hit by one. The aviators fear most of all the fire of large bodies of infantry, and in flying over a regiment at an altitude of 1000 yards they realize that they run serious risk of being brought down.

Rifle bullets are effective against aëroplanes up to

a height of about 5000 feet. Observers fly just above this altitude, at about 5500 feet, since they wish to fly as low as possible and yet be reasonably safe. Aviators have told me that this height is so well recognized that they nearly always encounter other observers in the same plane.

Aëroplanes, flying at a height of 5500 feet, can observe the movement or presence of large bodies of troops and the flashes of artillery. They cannot observe very much else at that height. They seem to be able to descend suddenly for a short time to a very low altitude when it is necessary and, in a large percentage of cases, to escape. British aëroplanes have made reconnoissances at an altitude of only one hundred yards.

Aëroplanes have made surprises in war nearly impossible, since in modern warfare it would be necessary to shift at least a division to produce any effect, and the movement of such a number of men would certainly be visible to aëroplanes during the daytime. If such a movement were performed at night, the presence of the division in a new spot would almost certainly be detected by the aëroplanes in the morning. The possession of a large and efficient aëroplane corps reduces the surprises of war very nearly to nil, and proportionately increases the importance of preparedness and of tactics.

The German aviators (and in fact all German observers, such as infantry and cavalry patrols) make it a principle to avoid, if possible, any combat; this is, of course, interpreted as cowardice by the Allies, who seem eager for a fight on any terms. There is a distinct reluctance among aviators for engaging in aërial duels. As one French aviator said to me: "You are both killed and that does no one any good." This reluctance is fairly universal, except with British flyers.

The German aëroplanes signal their observations by means of a code expressed in smoke balls. I never was able to obtain any theory as to how this code works. This method of communication seems to be very effective, as German shells sometimes arrive with singular accuracy and immediateness. It is commonly reported that Germans also signal with a suspended disc, but I have no personal knowledge of this system. The French had no definite means of signaling from the air in the early months of the war, and I believe this is still the case. They make their observation and return to their base to report, usually taking notes while aloft on maps and in note-books. I have no personal knowledge of the British methods. The Austrian system of signaling is by means of evolutions of the aëroplanes themselves. When they observe a target they fly over it, and when directly above

make a sudden dip. They are observed during their evolutions with instruments, so that the exact angle and hypothenuse at the moment of this dip is known. They then make a circuit and come up from the rear and again fly over the objective. As they reach a point where they can see the target or objective their artillery opens fire and is corrected by the graphic evolutions of the aëroplane. If the shells drop too far to the left, the aëroplane turns to the right and the distance in profile that it travels before straightening out is the correction. They say, "Shoot short" by dipping and "Shoot farther" by rising.

I have no knowledge of aëroplanes being used at night, although they sometimes return from daylight operations after night has fallen and make their landing with the assistance of beacons. It is commonly reported both by Germans and French that the steel darts used by the French aviators are the most effective offensive weapon so far used by aëroplanes. I have no personal knowledge on this subject. I have been several times informed upon reliable authority that the French have no particular instruments of precision for use in the dropping of bombs.

At the commencement of hostilities the French aviators feared their own armies much more than they did the Germans, because the French had neglected to

familiarize their troops with the designs of hostile aircraft.

It was proved to be nearly impossible to force a fight with your enemy's aëroplane, even if he is far within your own territory. If your own aëroplanes are on the ground it takes them entirely too long to get to his altitude, and if he wishes to stay in the same neighborhood he himself keeps going higher as your aëroplanes mount toward him. There seems to be no difficulty encountered in avoiding aëroplanes already in the air, since they are usually visible at great distances.

Anti-aircraft guns are generally mounted on automobile trucks, and are usually of small calibre. I have never seen any German aëroplanes other than monoplanes; these I have seen on ten or more occasions.

I saw no aëroplanes which carried other arms than rifles and automatic pistols.

In practice I have nowhere observed machine-guns mounted on aëroplanes, although they are much advertised and talked about.

I have frequently heard, upon what I consider reliable authority, that the Germans use captive balloons for observations.

ARTILLERY

I have at all times been tremendously impressed with the dominant importance in this war of artillery.

My personal observations lead me to estimate that the percentage of casualties from artillery wounds has been nearly 50% of the total.

There are very distinct differences in the methods of the French and German field artilleries. The *French field artillery* is always used in indirect fire and the positions are usually a long distance behind the infantry—from fifteen to twenty-five hundred yards. The emplacements are often in deep wooded valleys. Too close proximity to the infantry is avoided.

In contrast to this, the *German field artillery* is nearly always very close to the infantry and is frequently in position for direct fire. In the most typical German arrangement the infantry trenches are on the front face of a hill along the "military crest" with the artillery two or three hundred yards behind over the natural crest. One often sees German field guns in such a position that it is difficult to say whether they are in "direct" or "indirect" fire.

In battles where there are no rapid retreats and rapid advances it seems to be the custom for batteries to be silent for one or two days while the battery commander, by means of observers, aëroplanes, and spies, endeavors to locate an objective. The point to be made is that the main forces of artillery do not seem to fire very continuously. Oftentimes in the

middle of a very tense battle where heavy forces are opposed to each other there will be periods of half an hour or even longer when no firing whatsoever is to be heard. The importance of observers has become tremendous. On some occasions it seems as though the main object of an army were to get a single man into a location from which he can accurately observe the enemy's position, and as if until this is accomplished the whole battle is at a standstill. Both sides try continuously in all sorts of original ways to get information. The German tendency is toward the use of spies, while the French more often employ daring volunteer observers who sacrifice their lives in order successfully to direct fire for even five or ten minutes. Aëroplanes are used for the same purpose by all nations, but with less and less success as the war progresses, because hostile infantry and artillery are better and better hidden. It has now become almost impossible for an aëroplane to locate hostile artillery except by the flashes. Battery positions are either placed in forests, or artificial woods are built around them. It is almost axiomatic that artillery shall give no signs of life while an enemy's aëroplane is above, and as the result of this, one well-recognized method of temporarily silencing an enemy's battery is to keep an aëroplane flying over its neighborhood. Volunteer observers are frequently disguised and sent forward

to hunt for a place from which they can observe the hostile trenches of artillery and thus direct and correct the fire of their own batteries. Observers who thus volunteer to go forward are virtually always decorated and made officers, if, by some fortunate chance, they both succeed and survive. The French artillery officers take advantage of every "assist"; for instance, I saw a case where a shell made a groove on the reverse side of a hill and glanced off. The shell exploded, but its fuse was recovered by the French, the setting of the fuse determined, and by means of this and the direction of the groove made in the hill the German battery was located. The French reported that they had destroyed the battery. One of their aëroplanes was sent up before firing was begun and later observed the battery's efforts to escape.

The French batteries are usually so far behind the infantry that when they have come under heavy artillery fire there is no danger of capture. The custom with the French seems to be, in a case like this, for the personnel to run and take cover during the bombardment. I saw this happen twice, and I learned of numerous other cases. Cover underground is constructed for all the personnel of the batteries. One enters these subterranean quarters through entrances which look very much like enlarged woodchuck holes. With no artillery of any nationality did I see

any gun entrenchment other than a slight mound of earth coming up to the bottom of the shield. All guns that I have seen were in a line, except in cases where there was some peculiar rising of terrain. I have several times seen a "group" together in one line, at intervals of about twenty yards. In practice, the French tend to extend the intervals to about twenty-five yards, while the Germans either decrease them to about fifteen yards, or have the guns quite isolated, seventy-five or one hundred yards apart.

Telephones are the only instruments of which I have observed the use in the immediate neighborhood of French batteries. The battery commander controls the fire by word of mouth.

The French 75-mm. gun is the only field-piece which under practical field conditions does not "jump." This gives a tremendous advantage to the French artillery in such duels as frequently take place in battles where there is rapid movement. I have been on battlefields after action had finished and observed positions where two batteries had shot at each other, both being in "direct fire" position. The French pieces can fire at a rate of twenty-five shots a minute and in such duels seem to be able to fire accurately with nearly twice the rapidity of the Germans.

The most unpleasant experience that I ever underwent occurred one day when I was directly in front

of and under a French battery and it suddenly and unexpectedly fired about forty rounds in thirty seconds over my head. These discharges produced a great psychological effect and were much more disconcerting than any arrival of enemy's shells.

I have never observed any "short burst," or shells bursting in guns. I should judge that this accident happens very rarely, with the French, at least.

At the beginning of the war, the French carried shells and shrapnel in about equal numbers. The shells explode with the time-fuse exactly as do shrapnel. From several sources I was told that they were loaded with the new explosive which had been introduced only about three months before the beginning of hostilities. As the war progresses the French tend to use more and more of these explosive shells, which are used against infantry in the same way as are shrapnel. The only difference seems to be that they are made to burst a little lower. Their effect is very terrible. A heavy bursting charge is employed, and although the fragments are small they fly with such force that they make fatal wounds and even cut into the wood of rifle stocks. I observed the body of one German whose back had been pierced with about forty small particles of a shell which had burst close to him. These particles were as evenly spread as the charge of a shotgun. German wounded and captured Germans

have told me that this French shell-fire was so hellish that no man escaped except by a miracle. The French infantry have a great affection for their "75," and their confidence is always very greatly increased by its presence. Their spirits immediately rise when they hear it behind them. The French field artillery seem to have no favorite range but readily fire at any range. On the one hand a gun is sometimes taken into the trenches, and on the other hand I once observed a battery begin firing at 5300 meters and go to 5600 meters. One frequently sees French batteries of two and three guns and groups of eight or nine guns, lost guns not having been promptly replaced. I once saw a battery of two guns, the other two having been completely destroyed by direct fire the previous week. The heaviest piece that I saw at the front with the French was a 6-in. howitzer. The Germans use all sizes up to 12-in. in field operations, the latter being of Austrian construction. I have never discovered any conclusive evidence that Germany possesses 42-centimeter guns.

In my observations, when infantry charge infantry in battle movement, the majority of the casualties are caused by artillery. I have several times observed fields of dead infantrymen killed in an advance against infantry, where 90% of the dead had been killed by shrapnel. In my experience the Germans never use

anything except shrapnel against infantry in the open. Shrapnel wounds are very ugly, being big ragged holes which usually become infected.

On the battlefields I have observed, very few German shrapnel have failed to burst in the air. In one field about a half mile square, where shrapnel cases were strewn about [I counted about forty or fifty], I observed only four craters. The French often say that the German shrapnel burst too high.

The German field artillery frequently place their caissons at a distance of two hundred yards behind the guns, there being no limbers or caissons with the guns. The ammunition is brought up by hand, each man carrying six shells in baskets holding three each. The caissons are usually in less numbers than the guns, there being two caissons behind four guns, or one caisson behind two guns.

In examining abandoned German ammunition, I have found shells bearing all dates from 1903 to 1914.

On no occasion have I seen observation ladders used by the French field artillery. This is probably due to the fact that, in general, their artillery is at so great a distance behind the scene of operations.

Shells bigger than 3-in. when used in field operations seldom do any damage, but have a tremendous moral effect even on veteran troops. The disconcert-

ing effect of heavy shells exploding in the ground is very widely recognized at the front. The fire of big howitzers is, as a rule, very inaccurate. When one of these shells hits a building or a paved street its effect is considerable; when they burst in soft ground they are not dangerous. Most of the battlefields of France are on muddy fields, in which the 6-in. shells make a crater about forty feet in circumference and five or six feet deep. Their effect is chiefly upward and casualties are so rare as to be considered freaks. Mud is, however, thrown over the whole neighborhood. The bursting of the 12-in. shells is a very impressive sight—I saw two burst. (My authority for their caliber was a major of French artillery with whom I was standing at the time.) They burst at a distance of about 600 yards from us, one in an open field and the other in a small French village. The concussion was very heavy and even at 600 yards was felt in the feet. In the first case the air was filled with flying mud to a height of several hundred feet and there was a cloud of greasy black smoke about as large as a city block. The resultant crater was about one hundred feet in circumference, the ground being particularly soft. The second shell produced the same sensations, made the same sort of crater, and destroyed four or five small French brick and stone houses.

The largest German howitzers which are in the field

were, in my personal experience, used only to bombard towns and villages.

INFANTRY

My observations lead me to think that the most important qualifications for the infantry soldier are three, viz: to be able to dig, to be able to hide, and to be able to shoot. At the beginning of the war the French had paid very little attention to any of these things. Their men were dressed in a uniform so conspicuous that hiding was impossible. The only shooting that they had ever done was gallery shooting at a range of about forty yards and they were singularly poor even at this. Judging by practical results, they had very few theories and no practice in the matter of digging trenches. The trenches which they made in the early weeks of the war were straight grooves in the ground with the earth thrown up in a haphazard manner on either or both sides. Their early defeats were due to the unexpected invasion through Belgium, and to their unpreparedness in the three essentials mentioned above.

The German infantry also shoot poorly from an American standpoint, but do better than the French. Their uniform is the most nearly perfect of any of the armies in the war, and the Germans are virtually

invisible at short range if they are not moving. Their helmet is easily the best headgear in the matter of invisibility. It sets tightly on the head, and owing to its shape virtually never casts a shadow. The Germans have been from the beginning very accomplished trench diggers and have had elaborate theories as to the construction of trenches and much practice in making them.

The British are the only troops in the war who shoot with any degree of excellence. Their shooting does not approach in accuracy that of our own army, but is so superior to the Germans that a British battalion of 1100 men usually has a firing effect equal to that of a German regiment of nearly 3000. On the gray-green backgrounds of Europe the British khaki is not conspicuous, but at the same time it is certainly visible. The British hat is the most conspicuous headgear in the war, since its rim casts a heavy black shadow, and its flat top shows white in sunlight. The heads of the British in the trenches stand out very distinctly.

In my experience the machine-gun is the most effective infantry weapon. Personally, I should interpret this not as praise for machine-guns, but as a criticism of the poor shooting of all the infantry engaged. The French have comparatively few machine-guns.

Since November, the French have had troops of all categories on the firing-line, and I should judge by this that since November, if not earlier, the French have had all their available men in service. Among my personal acquaintances in France, I know no man liable for service who has not been in the army from that date onward. The men who for physical reasons were earlier refused are now being quite generally accepted as volunteers and are put to office work or similar occupations. I have seen great numbers of wounded Territorials in France, and many Territorial prisoners in the prison camps in Germany. When I visited the prison camp at Zossen (near Berlin) where there are said to be 20,000 French prisoners, a large percentage (perhaps as much as 50 per cent.) of the prisoners I saw were Territorials.

The Germans have very well-developed and well-organized systems of relays for their men at the front. The infantry stay in the trenches for about a month at a time and are then given a vacation, usually being sent home to their garrison town. Their cavalry serve ten days at the front and are then sent a day's march to the rear for a ten-days' rest. Their artillerymen get no vacation, their lives being considered easy enough.

I saw no evidence of any well-organized system of vacations among either the French or British and I

knew many isolated cases where personal friends of mine, both officers and enlisted men, have been at the front continuously since the beginning of the war. I am fairly certain that the British enlisted man has had no vacation since the beginning of the war, other than relaying near the front.

I would mention again, in order to emphasize the statement, that all my observations have led me to believe that the essentials of military preparedness are, first of all, a rapid mobilization, without this everything else is useless. By "rapid" I mean a mobilization of at least half a million men or upward in not more than ten days. After this in importance comes the ability to hide, to dig, and to shoot. To hide is impossible when wearing a uniform as conspicuous as the French, which might be called maximum, and has, I should estimate, been the cause of from three to four hundred thousand extra casualties

The bayonet has been much used in this war and I have viewed personally a number of battlefields on which the action was decided with cold steel. It is my impression that European officers have maintained their faith in the bayonet as a weapon and some of them may even have become more than ever convinced of its worth. This is very distinctly the case with the French and the Austrians. The Germans are the only people whom I have observed to show any

preference for shooting as against cutting when in close action. There is no doubt that the French commander's idea is to win the ultimate decision with the bayonet. Europeans in general seem to prefer cutting and stabbing to shooting. For them, "fight" seems to mean stabbing somebody. Their psychology is directly opposed to ours, for I think most American soldiers prefer shooting to cutting. The Europeans do not seem to have the taste for shooting, or the ability or wish to shoot well. It is difficult or even impossible to teach many of them to shoot with any degree of effectiveness.

In spite of the degree to which the bayonet has been used in Europe and the number of actions which I have seen won by its use, I am strongly convinced that the bayonet is not a practical weapon, and that the only just grounds for its employment are to be found in psychological reasons. I have not actually seen bayonet combats but have studied the battlefields soon after the conflicts and have talked with troops who had taken part in them, both French wounded and German prisoners. I remember particularly the scenes of three bayonet fights on a considerable scale. The first took place near Fère Champenoise on September 8th; the second near Sézanne on September 9th; the third near Lassigny about October 15th. In each case the men had thrown all science to the wind

and fought wildly and savagely hand to hand. They were probably less effective than a Philippine boloman. Most of the casualties had been bayoneted through the neck, face, and skull, the men having lunged savagely for the face just like a boxer who has lost his temper. In the first-mentioned place I saw a Frenchman and a German lying side by side, both dead, and each transfixed by the other's bayonet, showing that they had rushed upon each other madly without the least thought of science or defense. It would seem to me that an infantryman with a short and handy rifle like our new Springfield could fill his magazine just before the enemy's charge arrived and "stop" four or five men armed with bayonets or any other edged weapon. I see no more reason for opposing bayonet with bayonet than for opposing a bolo with a bolo. The same reasoning would apply to lances and sabers, which are universally carried and certainly have been used to some extent. It is an interesting fact that in fights between cavalry patrols, every such affair which came to my personal knowledge had been decided by shooting and by nothing else, although the teaching of the men is to close in and use the lance and saber. The Germans alone when in close action have shown a tendency to do more or less shooting. In the first mentioned of the above fights, the Germans were virtually all killed by bayonet

wounds, whereas perhaps 50 per cent. of the French dead whom I examined showed gunshot wounds.

The French tactical unit is the battalion of 1000 men, divided into four companies, nominally of 250 men each but with an effective battle strength of slightly over 200. These companies are commanded by a captain with four or five lieutenants under him. Two of these lieutenants are regular officers and the other two or three are reserve officers. Each platoon is commanded by a lieutenant and a sergeant. An infantry brigade in the French army is made up of six battalions. In case of heavy casualties the number of battalions is reduced, the idea being to keep battalions as near normal strength as possible. Thus if the regiment loses 30 per cent. it is reduced from a regiment of three battalions to a regiment of two battalions, and if it loses 60 or 70 per cent. it is reduced to a regiment of one battalion.

The French, German, Russian, Austrian, and Hungarian infantry are all armed with long, heavy, and ill-balanced rifles carrying detachable bayonets. These rifles are very poorly sighted in comparison with our new Springfield. It would be very difficult or impossible to do good shooting with them, as measured from an American standpoint. In my personal experience there have been numberless cases

where dispatch bearers, automobiles, scouts, pickets, and patrols were exposed at very short range to the fire of bodies of French or German troops without any casualties whatsoever occurring.

The one idea of the German infantry seems to be to shoot as much and as rapidly as possible. I have several times observed where German infantry have taken up a position in the open, and fired 120 rounds a man, more or less, as a matter of course.

I have nowhere observed the use of any semi-automatic rifles, nor of either silencers or special sights for sharpshooters.

TRENCHES AND CONCEALMENT

In October I was in the neighborhood of Lassigny and Roye where heavy fighting was and had been going on. There was a little village called Erches to the northwest of these places. Here were the French advance trenches. I was in this village during the height of operations and was told that we were then only 150 or 200 yards from the German trenches. Standing behind a house corner in this village of Erches, I could see nothing unusual in any direction. I could see no signs of French or German activity nor of life of any kind, although the French infantry trenches extended to our right and left and the Ger-

mans were directly in front of us. The landscape which spread away in all directions looked perfectly normal and unbroken except for a few shell craters. The only manifestations of activity were the distant rumbling of guns, and the shrapnel bursting over our heads. Although I stayed there for more than an hour, the only Frenchmen I saw were a few who joined me behind the house; they came from trenches hidden within it, or from an underground trench, the opening of which was behind the house. I recount this to accent the concealment of all troops in this war. Trenches are made to resemble the landscape in which they are placed. If they are in a brown mowed field, hay is scattered over all fresh earth, and if they are made in pasture land all the earth is carefully carried away or is spread out and sodded over.

CAVALRY

The Austrian cavalry unit is the division, which is accompanied by the horse artillery in considerable strength. They are not accompanied by cyclists or armored automobiles.

During the first six months of the war, at least, in the Austrian, Hungarian, British, and French armies no newspaper or war correspondents were allowed to view the actual operations on any condi-

tion whatsoever. No press representative saw any battle with the Austrian, Hungarian, British, or French armies, with one single exception which took place in France, when one day during September certain press representatives managed to see the bombardment along the Aisne. I make this statement with the full knowledge that many correspondents state they have seen battle actions. I have been able to investigate such statements on numerous occasions, and invariably found them to be fabrications, usually without even a foundation of truth. Reporters frequently left the intrenched camp at Paris, were arrested before traveling any great distance, and confined for days and weeks. They then returned to the city and told hair-raising stories of their experiences at the front.

The only war news published in France, England, Austria, and Hungary, is that of the official *communiqués*, which usually suppress all essentials, minimize or omit all reverses, and convert all drawn actions or slight gains into victories.

The Austrian and Hungarian horse artillery were in such close relation with the cavalry that their support was very good. In fact, the artillery get into position as quickly as the cavalry. The chief function which cavalry have performed successfully in this war has been that of reconnoissance. The French and German

armies use aëroplanes and cavalry patrols as their principal means of reconnoissance; the latter scout in parties of from six to fifteen men commanded by an officer. The British do the same work with two motor-cycle riders. The transmission of dispatches by cavalry has become virtually nil in France because of the extensive use for this purpose of telephones, automobiles, and motor-cycles. It is very doubtful, however, if automobiles and motor-cycles could successfully be used for dispatch-bearing and reconnoissance in any country except France. On the Russian frontier the poorness and scarcity of roads make the use of automobiles difficult and the use of wheels and motor-cycles impossible. It would, therefore, seem that for reconnoissance and dispatch-bearing, cavalry will usually be the means employed.

Cavalry have to a certain extent been used as reserves. They were thus first used by the British. In recent months I have often seen large French cavalry reserves. At such times they are, in effect, mounted infantry, so that reinforcements may be transferred a greater distance in a shorter time. My personal observations have led me to believe that aside from their uses in reconnoissance, the principal value of cavalry is as mounted infantry held in reserve. When fighting, cavalry must dismount. Early in the war there were occasions when cavalry fought while mounted,

and whether against artillery, infantry, or other cavalry, the chief result was the killing of nearly all the horses.

In the Austrian, Hungarian, and French armies many cavalry regiments have been converted into infantry. I do not think that this is chiefly due to lack of horses but to the fact that the opportunity for fighting while mounted no longer exists.

ENGINEERING

The only work which I observed to be done entirely and solely by engineers was the construction of bridges, of which they have had to build a great number. I was impressed by the fact that many of these bridges were quite original in conception. They are nearly always intelligent makeshifts which might truly be called inventions.

At Pont-Ste.-Maxence, a bridge capable of supporting the heaviest traffic was constructed in a few hours. Big canal boats which were lying idle in the neighborhood were requisitioned and anchored side by side, touching each other. Their decks were made flush, each with the other, by the shifting of ballast, and when this had been accomplished a roadway was laid across them. This bridge was so satisfactory that it has not yet been replaced by a permanent structure.

Road building was largely carried on among the French by infantry, and it was my experience that trench building was exclusively done by the infantry as it was found necessary. The positions and traces of trenches were laid out by infantry officers. This latter conclusion is, however, based on three or four observations only.

SUPPLIES

In the French army the reserve small arms ammunition is kept behind the battle-line just out of reach of shell-fire. There are ammunition train regiments just as there are infantry or cavalry regiments. Each such regiment is composed of eighty odd ammunition wagons and some forage wagons. Two regiments generally move together, thus forming an ammunition brigade. These wagons are parked parallel to the line of battle. Supply columns are always parked vertically to the line of battle. In the Battle of the Marne I observed an ammunition brigade about every twenty kilometers. Thus on September 11th, there were brigades at Rebais (7th and 10th Regiments), at Montmirail (17th and 29th), and at Champaubert. The supplies, chiefly beef and bread, are brought up from the rear and advance directly toward the battle-line in long horse-drawn wagon trains, or in Paris auto-

busses. When near the front, small numbers of wagons go up as far as they dare and supplies are distributed directly to the troops, often while they are under long-range shell-fire.

MOTOR TRANSPORT

In the matter of motor transport, the practice with the French and British has become well defined. The best type of truck is one of medium weight, and of the best construction obtainable. It should be emphasized that medium-priced or inexpensive trucks are undesirable. It is very distinctly the opinion of French and British transport officers that it is better to have too few trucks, all of which are reliable, than to take "any old truck" and have it break down at critical moments during operation. Inferior trucks break down frequently, and break down at critical moments with singular regularity.

In the British army, trucks work in units of about ten, each such unit being commanded by an officer who travels in a fast automobile. Protection, when necessary, is temporarily assigned to the unit, nearly always in the shape of armored motor cars. The trucks are heavily manned, having from three to six men per truck. Every man is armed with a rifle, but no other arms are carried as an integral part of the

unit. Such motor transport units are not often captured or destroyed since they seldom come in touch with anything but the enemy's cavalry which, as a rule, prefers to leave them strictly alone, as a train of motor trucks has good defensive ability and none of the vulnerability of horse-drawn wagons. In the rare cases when actions have taken place, motor trucks have become moving forts, which continue on their way at a rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, while from each one three or four well-protected riflemen keep up a steady fire.

The type of automobile most desirable for army use has become well-defined. The practice in this regard is the same in the French, British, German, Austrian, and Hungarian armies. On a powerful chassis, with an engine of at least 50-horse-power, is mounted a very light body, of the "pony tonneau" type, with room for two men in front and two behind. The equipment consists of a folding top, leather or isinglass wind-shield, powerful head-lights, the noisiest horn obtainable, and racks to carry as much extra gasoline as possible. In service these automobiles have big racks full of gasoline-cans carried on the running boards and at the rear and, in addition, there are often necklaces of two-gallon cans strung wherever possible. In virtually all the armies gasoline is served out in small cans containing about two gallons

each, which are easily handled and quickly stored. One or two may be put in any odd space which is not otherwise in use. This method is very effective and is one of the most important developments in military automobile practice. In none of the armies are cars used which vary greatly from the type above mentioned, except through necessity. In general, heavy cars and runabouts give very inferior service. It is the general custom for the chauffeur and an orderly to ride on the front seat, and one or two officers behind. The more speed the machine develops the better. It is not uncommon to see staff officers or generals traveling over the French roads at a speed of one hundred kilometers an hour. There is quite a well-defined tendency to have as drivers men who are well above the average. In the French army these men are usually sergeants or lieutenants; in the Austrian army many of them are lieutenants.

Corps and army commanders usually have big, heavy limousines, with electric lighting, which they can, when necessary, use as offices, or as headquarters.

SIGNAL CORPS

The Germans use telephones very extensively and apparently in connection with all arms of the service.

Their wires are very thin and are similar to small piano wires. I saw no copper wire used by them. The wire is strung on poles about nine feet high. These poles are very carefully made of wood and are only about an inch in diameter. Every second pole is guyed with a wire and braced with a pole. The poles are painted in black and white stripes to make them conspicuous and to prevent people from running over them. The German practice is to lay these wires and abandon them when they are no longer needed. The British, on the contrary, make it a point of honor to recover all their poles and wire. In the retreat from Mons their signal corps had such heavy losses in attempting to do this that they were seriously hampered by lack of personnel.

PHYSIQUE

The German soldiers and officers have a physique unapproached by any troops which I saw, except the Swiss. Their average height and weight is very much above all the others, except the Russians. The Russians are as large as the Germans but do not approach them in activity and quality. The French, although small and light, are wiry and have very good stamina, especially in the matter of marching. The Austrians are of medium size, most of them being

stockily built. The Hungarians are of medium height, well-knit, possessed of good stamina, and are in every way physically fitted to be fine soldiers. Their infantry have very high physical qualities, probably being as effective in modern warfare as the heavy Germans.

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS

I found intelligent people in Germany very broad-minded about military matters. They were pretty well agreed that General Joffre is the only general produced so far by the war who would rank in history as a great captain, and while they maintained that the German officers as a class were superior to all others, they conceded that the best troops which have so far taken part in the war were the British regulars who represented England in the early weeks of the war and retreated from Charleroi through Mons, St. Quentin, and Compiègne to the southeast of Paris.

On many different occasions I saw Russian prisoners in Germany and Austria-Hungary. They impressed me as being of a low order of intelligence. They fight well on the defense. When they are put in a position and told to stay there, they are very difficult to drive back and show the highest order of courage. When they move or advance they become less reliable.

The Hungarians have a very keen fighting instinct and are excellent infantrymen.

The Germans have a dogged courage and expose themselves with bravery and enthusiasm in any undertaking. When they are once started, they are difficult to stop. On an advance, I should say that a 50 per cent. loss is necessary to make them hesitate, and on the defense I saw at least one case where they were put out of action to the last man without giving ground.

The French are brave in a more spectacular way. They are better winners than the Germans and worse losers. Their temperament leads them to push home a success with more enthusiasm than the Germans; whereas, in defeat, they are less reliable.

The fighting qualities of the British are much higher than those of any other nation, when, as in the case of the British regulars, they have had sufficient training to teach them the technique of war. They are calm and usually cheerful under the most adverse circumstances. They do not lose control of themselves either in victory or defeat. The Germans say they fight best of all when they are hopelessly defeated or surrounded.

I have seen no body of officers which can compare in quality with those of our army who are graduates of West Point. However, we have fewer of these than Germany has generals.

APPENDIX

It is just as strongly my opinion that the American infantryman as a type is correspondingly superior. I believe he can undoubtedly out-shoot, out-think, out-"hike," and out-game the line soldier of any other country I have seen. Here again, we have so few of him that, whereas there are more than six hundred well-trained army-corps engaged in this war, we have less than one.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have received a letter from Mr. Herrick in which he expresses the opinion that I was too severe on the diplomatic corps for leaving Paris when the Germans threatened the city and the French government moved to Bordeaux. He states that it was the duty of the diplomatic corps to go with the government and that it was according to diplomatic precedent. His own decision to remain in Paris was the result of a special permission from the United States government, authorizing him to use his own discretion. Under the circumstances he thought it best to remain in Paris, and to be represented at Bordeaux by Mr. Garret, with whom he was able to communicate daily. With Mr. Garret he sent a number of army officers and secretaries.

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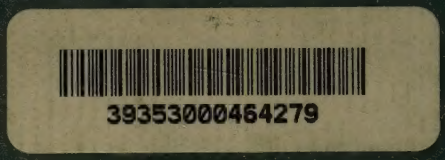
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